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gets the bomb

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 3, 1979

75¢

**AN
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Like a bloodied tomcat, Lévesque is most dangerous when he's on his back

By David Thomas

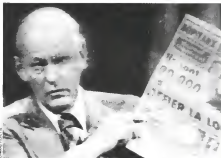
Only René Lévesque could get away with it. Last week the champion of the working man (and) and exiled Québec's once-rigorous public service union into submission. Without Lévesque's credentials as a social democrat, his union-busting would have meant a back-alley brawl among the trade unionists. Instead, like whispering passageways, 30,000 hospital workers meekly went back to work Friday, just four days after their illegal strike began. It had started with seven determination not just to win jobs of money but to bring down the government, a government already staggering from the triple boycott less a week before. It ended with the Parti Québécois government and its presser enjoying their finest hour since their election.

What the strike instigation failed to consider was the sympathy of their own members for the Parti Québécois government and that, like a bloodied tomcat, Lévesque is most dangerous when he's on his back. It's something federalists should remember as they anticipate next spring's referendum on sovereignty-association.

Lévesque's greatest strength is his ability to stare into the cold glass eye of television and blind sincerity. Television for a man of Lévesque's physical stature is like a pair of elevator shoes—his shortness becomes invisible and his confidence rises. Personal contact can be so awkward for Lévesque that a chance encounter with an acquaintance in a crowded restaurant will elicit not a cherry smile but a convulsive grimace, the embarrassed head face a little boy makes to the intimidating parish priest. Praised by the mark of television technology, the little boy becomes a grown-up soldier, fearless and convincing. This was the scene the premier devoted at 10 p.m. Monday night while the hospital workers held in the first day of their walkout.

Using a tactic unions abhor, Lévesque went over the heads of negotiators to

appeal directly to the public and striking members. In a half-hour appeal over private French-language television, he argued that the lowest hospital worker was being offered \$217 a week compared to the \$120 a week earned by a private-sector worker for the same hours at Québec's minimum wage. Re-



viving the technique that made him famous in the 1950s as a public-affairs TV host, the premier rose unexpectantly from his desk to stride across the set to a blackboard where, chalk in hand, he dissected the union's greed. And, at the end, a threat: "There is a backlash—this is not blackmail, it is simply stating a fact obvious to anyone whose eyes and ears are open—a very serious backlash could occur within our society." But Lévesque and the unions knew that a prolonged strike would mean a public clamoring for abolition of public workers' right to strike.

The René Lévesque Show has unraveled at the power base of the leftist Confederation of National Trade Unions. While the union leadership was stunned into silence, hospital workers began defying the strike call and returned in scattered groups to their jobs. And throughout the walkout—made illegal by a two-week suspension of the right to strike—members of other public-sec-

tor unions, which had joined in a nominal Common Front, crossed the picket lines. Not long ago, breaching a picket line would have been considered a sacrilege by any union member.

Thursday, as 900 union delegates resignedly voted to accept the government's final pay offer, union councilor François Desjardins confided: "Lévesque's show caused our members to doubt themselves. There was a general musing about the legitimacy of the cause and the means."

The union not only ended its faltering

Lévesque on TV: "This is not blackmail!"

walkout, it did so without the historical demand that the government drop illegal strike charges. And thus despite the memory of Lévesque's audacity three years ago to annexed change with illegal actions by the previous Liberal administration.

So topocracy had labor relations become by week's end that unions representing Hydro-Québec workers called off a one-day strike to pressure the government into reopening negotiations. Québec labor unions have not been entirely spayed by the Lévesque government, but the demigration of the Common Front, the fall from grace of Marxists within the union movement and the reduction by labor leaders that they, too, can live a confrontation may mean the folklore militancy of Québec labor has gone the way of pea soup: it's still on the menu but it's no longer a duty diet.

Amongst a lot of presents, it has a lot of presence.

VSOP

Remy Martin

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

A partnership with time

By Audrey Giescoe

In 1910 when Hubert Evans was a reporter in Toronto on *The Mail and Empire*, he interviewed an amputee who could pierce the piano. The story became a best-seller. At 47 Canada's oldest active author, Evans has battled emphysema, diabetes, heart trouble and near-blindness to write his third novel and he's afraid he too will be seen as a trick artist. Although he has peripheral vision, Evans cannot easily see what is in front of him. He wrote *O Time in Your Flight* using three tape recorders—one for ideas, the second for rough draft and the third for revision. Then he typed a working copy wearing special glasses, his face close to the paper. That's what made him think of the poem: "I don't want to be known as a man who played the piano with his nose."

He laughs as he thinks how like the piano player he has become. He can laugh easily, he is feeling well, cheered by the sun that warms him as he sits in his home in Roberts Creek on the shores of the Strait of Georgia, British Columbia. He is dressed tidily in grey slacks and a soft blue sweater that intensifies the whiteness of his wavy, rather long hair. As he talks—in a voice flaring at the edges—his face loses that set stiffness it has in photographs and becomes animated and much younger. "I never expected to get to be this old," he says. But he is coping. With help from friends and relatives who chop wood and maintain the grounds, he manages to cook, do his laundry and keep the place tidy. He works slowly because of his poem-maker. "Sometimes I have to rest twice while I'm writing the floor."

Even though he rarely goes out, he is remarkably current. He listens to the radio, reads what he can, and is part of a group of writers and artists who meet Tuesday evenings at his place. His conservatism is as often about today as it is about the past. He speaks of Anne Murray, Prince George and so on.

Evans' writing career began more than half a century ago. He has written 280 short stories, 60 magazine serials, 12 radio plays, a biography, seven books of fiction (four for children) and two volumes of poetry. Since 1917, when his first novel was published, he has earned his living primarily as a writer, everything else that he has done—con-



MAKING NEWS

Evans: a two-time highschool dropout

cist fishing, bookkeeping, logging, trapping—has supplied the raw material. "Writing," he says, "was my cash crop." True, he's not among the best-known writers, but he has an underground reputation for his 1964 novel, *Most on the Shore*, which deals with the struggle of B.C. Indians to come to terms with two cultures. The book was republished in 1993 by McClelland and Stewart in its New Canadian Library series of classics. In the introduction, William H. New, editor of *Canadian Literature*, describes the book as "an historical document as much as a work of art." And in 1964 the Indian newspaper *The Indian Voice* wrote that the author "fully grasps the tragic problems of the fight of the Native Canadian.... Only great love could have made this possible."

O Time in Your Flight, released this fall by B.C.'s Harbour Publishing, is a fictionalized account of Evans' boyhood in Galt, Ontario, at the turn of the century. The title comes from a Victorian meditation piece. *Bookend*, sure book-end, *O time in your flight/leave me a child again just for tonight. 'Tis he,"* says *New Yorker* writer Edith Iglauer, "a magical book. There's something perfectly beautiful about it, it's a gem." It's also good social history, a revealing look at this nation as it entered the 20th century, a measure of how we have changed in 90 years and how we learned to think as we do.

The book grew out of a tape-recorded history of his family made about 30 years ago when Evans was recovering from heart surgery. It deals with a year in the life of nine-year-old Gilbert Bates, son of a high-schooled master, growing up in a proper Methodist home in 1899.

Before finishing high school, Evans had left home twice, once to work up north, the other time to be a cowboy on a cattle ranch in Alberta. "I was a two-time dropout from Galt secondary school. I had trouble with trigonometry. My father said I'd never be a scholar."

Evans did register to study forestry at the University of Toronto, but was expelled by yearman. Hired by *The Mail and Empire*, he spent his first two weeks learning to type—and all his life he continued to hunt and peck off the Canadian National Institute for the Blind taught him touch-typing a few years ago. He had, he says, at least one qualification for newspaper work. He was cynical. "I felt that the world was a damned house filled with apertures." He was working for the *Toronto World* in 1915 when he enlisted to go overseas in the First World War: a year later he was home with typhus.

He cannot talk of the war now with-

out passion. He remembers the places where he fought in muddy trenches—Vimy Ridge, The Somme—and knows they're just history for most people. "I try to tell my grandsons. You put 20,000 people in a stadium. You fill it twice. Imagine it—that many Canadians died, a whole generation of young men wiped out." But it was the war that began to soften his cynicism. He says now that he could have died to be alive and sure that life was precious.

Demobilized in 1918, he rejoined the *World* for a time but more and more the advice of an earlier editor began to make sense. "If you stay in newspaper work for five years, you will have a liberal education. Stay in any longer, and you've a damn fool." He left to think it over in B.C., where his parents had moved. B.C. entranced him. He tore up his return railway pass and went north and trapped for a year. It was there he wrote a letter proposing to Anne Wray, a teacher he had met in Toronto. They were married in 1920 and were to have 40 unconventional years together. "We lived in 24 closets, sticks and tents," he figures now.

After the wedding, Evans worked as the foreman of a fish hatchery in the northern Shuswap area. Later he was transferred to Clifton Lake, east of Vancouver, where he started his free-lance writing career, rising early in the morning to write. He sold his first article of 500 words to the old *Life* in French-like New York's humor magazine for a remarkable 11 cents a word. With his wife's encouragement he kept his job to write full-time. In his first year he made \$36, but within two years he was making a living. He wrote several books for children and his first novel, *New Front Line*, about a soldier returning home from the war.

"Ann had this idea of going up the coast," he recalls. "We were looking for a sheltered cove, a sand beach, a stream. We kept checking the papers and then gave by chance we heard of this place. We didn't even know where Roberts Creek was." It's on the Skehel Peninsula, now only an hour's ferry ride from Vancouver. In 1927, when the Evanses moved there, it was remote and unpopulated. Evans still lives in the house that he built by the ocean. From his front window he looks out on the marine terrace and remembers being part of it during the Depression.

The American writing market disappeared in those years and Evans turned to commercial fishing. In the summers for eight years living with Ann and

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PORTRAIT

Hubert Evans: photo by Peter Dinklage

Photo of Evans by Peter Dinklage; photo of Evans by Peter Dinklage; photo of Evans by Peter Dinklage

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Frontlines

their three children on his converted run-down, he fished around Harely and Languish islands.

In 1965 Evans again went north, this time as Ann would open a one-room schoolhouse for Indian children who had been without a teacher for several years. Out of that came two books: *North to the Unknown*, a biography of explorer David Thompson, and *Mar on*



the River, a moving portrayal of the Ojibwa Indians he and Ann had known for years.

Evans was 62 when *Mar* was published. A few years later, in 1980, Ann died. There would be no more major works until *O'Flaherty's* *Four*. But he did publish *Whitman and Emerson* two volumes of poems he calls "whisperings of a long life." "These poems are excellent for a man of my age," wrote fellow poet Karl Buehler. As Evans talks today about the way society has changed since he was a boy, he recites from his poems to illustrate his despair of unfairness, of cruelty, the certainty that an age-longer accounting will be rendered, and his belief that his own spirit will never be erased. The echoes of my words repeat those of *Whitman*: *What does one do—/There is no answer/For any abolition.*

Nevertheless, Evans is an optimist. "Man will survive somehow." His own plans are as always to write—another novel about an old man who has lived about a bit. "I have the main character but he's two-dimensional. I can't make him jump through the hoops yet. I'll have to live with him for a while. If the Lord supplies the stream, I'll do the work." ♦

Frontlines

The strange case of John Meier, Canadian

By Mark Budgen

Vancouver has become known as the new Casablanca, a haven for sex artists, terrorists, gamblers, drug smugglers, jewel thieves and other underworld characters from around the world. In the past three years alone, Vancouverians have learned that their balmy climate has attracted two suspected mob members, the Hong Kong gangster who was accused of grafting from the heroin trade, and several other less-politically but equally seamy figures.

But whereas most of them arrived quietly and stayed close to the ground, one remarkable American, John Meier, revelled in publicity. While under investigation by U.S. tax and law enforcement officials, Meier managed to get permission to stay in Vancouver in 1972, because a full-fledged immigrant and permanent resident in 1974 and, in a move that now almost defies credulity, gained Canadian citizenship in 1977. Even so, the long arm of American justice caught up with him this year. He

Meier under custody in Vancouver. Such appalling scandal in a 'sensitive'

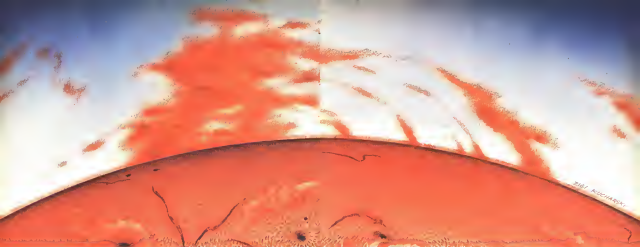


was extradited to Utah in May and, in August, sentenced to 30 months in jail for obstruction of justice. All of which has left many Vancouverites wondering if what is in Meier's mind is a character who lived among them for seven years, and if how did he manage to get himself Canadian citizenship? He will, it is presumed, be back once his sentence is served.

Meier's life in Canada as far has been full of grandiose and public events. Some of his tales were sufficiently convincing to attract the support of three Mrs. Terry John Reynolds and Mrs. Tommy Douglas and Andy Brown, in his bids to enter Canada as an immigrant. Their lobbying efforts on his behalf in 1974, with the then-minister of immigration Robert Andrus, were eventually successful. But their advocacy had been set up by Meier's carefully cultivated image, which suggested he was a model citizen—a successful businessman, an intimate of Howard Hughes, a leading environmentalist, a candidate for the U.S. Senate, the recipient of several honorary awards—who was being hounded by over-zealous American authorities. In fact, though, Meier's life is a scandal, after an extensive investigation, that Meier was often dealing creatively and cleverly with the truth.

For most of his business career from the early '50s to the mid-'60s, Meier was in lower- or middle-management positions. A research organization that he set up, the Nevada Environmental Foundation, failed to pay its bills. Despite claims to the contrary, it is likely he never even spoke to the offshore media Howard Hughes. His political career was a dismal failure: he came 15th in a Democratic primary in New Mexico. He has turned out to be an inaccurate broker who persuaded politicians and businessmen to do what was good—and profitable—for John Meier.

He was savvy enough to hide his shady business dealings behind offshore corporate alliances and front figures, in money havens such as Liechtenstein, Switzerland and the Bahamas. All of which makes it next-to-impossible to uncover his financial affairs completely, although both police and private investigators have tried hard to do so over the past 10 years. And uncovering details of his daily activities is also difficult since those who are his closest associates in the U.S. are often persons who themselves also have something to hide and are not prepared to reveal the truth. Such a lifeless curtain particularly in the Hughes organization where secrecy pervaded the whole conglomerate and the lightning among the



Today, a lot of energy is going intexploring new sources of electricity.

No sooner did the world feel the energy crunch than a lot of human effort focused on practical alternatives to replace dwindling oil and gas. In Ontario, water, coal, and uranium promise us a long-term supply of electricity but they cannot meet our needs forever. So we are interested in other sources of energy.

Using the power of the wind has been a possibility since the first sail was invented. Yet the technology to store its energy for large-scale use continues to elude the scientists.

Tidal power is an attractive alternative resource but few sites around the world are suitable. Ontario, for instance, is too far inland.

Geothermal energy—tapping the heat of natural steam or hot water reservoirs or of the earth's inner core—is so far only practical where there are natural steamfields such as

the Geysers in California. Even with Canada's intensified geothermal investigations, there's a long way to go before geothermal power can contribute substantially to our electricity.

Fusion, which joins nuclei rather than splitting them, offers the world another energy opportunity. However, fusion is still experimental.

The greatest immediate potential of solar energy is in providing auxiliary space and water heating. Large scale generation of electricity for industry, especially in northern climates, could be decades away.

Energy from forest, industrial and animal waste is emerging as a promising source of auxiliary power. A program is underway to determine how energy from waste can best support our resources.

Ontario's remaining water resources are

being investigated and will be used where it is economic to do so.

The increased use of coal for electricity is also being considered, but it has to be imported or transported long distances which is costly.

Those are some of the key alternative sources of energy being studied to provide practical power for the future.

In the meantime, a continuous supply of electricity is essential to keep our economy healthy and to maintain our way of life. That's why for the past 20 years, Ontario Hydro has invested in nuclear power.

Fortunately, Ontario is rich in natural uranium. And Ontario Hydro has the expertise to turn it into electricity. Today, nuclear power generates almost a third of our electricity. By 1990, it could provide as much as half.

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Frontlines

power-hungry factions make a Byzantine court look like a boardroom of one.

Born in 1935 and raised in Long Island City, New York, Meier picked up his only academic qualification 18 years later—a high-school certificate. After stints in life insurance and the armed forces, he joined the Hughes organization in Los Angeles in 1964 in a clerical position. Then, in a series of events that showed the first glimpse of Meier's own artistry, he was recommended to Robert Maheu, who was establishing Hughes's gambling empire in Las Vegas. "He was highly recommended as a bright, intelligent guy with two Ph.D.s—something of a genius. It wasn't until several years later that I realized that that was all baloney, although I remember often wondering why such a well-educated guy spoke with such appalling grammar," Maheu recently told *Madison*.

Meier was quick to take advantage of his aptness reputation. He became Hughes's scientific adviser, primarily in charge of the Milken's campaign against atomic testing in Nevada. The confidence he inspired in that position must have been strong, for he was later given the job of buying gold- and silver-mining claims for Hughes. The Hughes empire has since changed that through a series of complicated financial maneuvers he channeled some \$6 million into his own coffers—a move that was publicized when Hughes began a civil suit against him in 1972. Meier was also charged with tax evasion and fraud in connection with the same affair.

After his abortive 1972 political career in New Mexico (when he failed miserably to get the Democratic nomination for the state's U.S. Senate seat), Meier fled to Vancouver, the Internal Revenue Service too interested in him for his comfort.

Meier's 1972 application to become a loaded immigrant was held up while inquiries were made about the charges he was facing in the United States. It turned out that Canadian immigration authorities had passed on copies of Meier's application to U.S. authorities—a breach of confidence that the immigration minister, Andrus, defended on the grounds that confidential exchanges of information between governments were essential for Canadian security. Meier enlisted the aid of Reynolds, the Tory member for Burnaby-Richmond-Delta, and senators Douglas and Brewin. Andrus' recollection now is that it was the intervention of Douglas and Brewin that deterred him from allowing Meier to stay. "At that time, the Watergate era, there was considerable evidence that the ISI was being used to

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persecute political enemies. And Meier represented himself to us as one of those political enemies." Since that time, Meier has left a trail of dubious accomplishments.

On Aug. 8, 1973, he was arrested in Point Roberts, a U.S. enclave south of Vancouver, on tax evasion and fraud charges. Pled on \$100,000 bail (embarrassingly raised to \$500,000), he has never appeared for trial on those charges.

• In 1975, Meier released an affidavit,

allegedly written by an ex-CIA agent named as Virginia Gonzalez, which stated that the CIA had followed Meier from 1971 to 1974 in the U.S., Canada and Europe. This prompted Reynolds to ask questions in Parliament about CIA activities in Canada. Gonzalez has never been found despite exhaustive FBI and RCMP inquiries and possibly does not exist.

• Also in 1975, Meier started working for the Co-ordinated Law Enforcement



Andrei Meier rounded like a CIA victim

Unit, an agency set up by the B.C. government to investigate organized crime, despite his singular lack of experience in the field. He worked there for three years. RCMP officials are now tight-lipped concerning these hiring of someone who had skipped bail on criminal charges.

• In 1976, Meier obtained 4,000 documents which had been left behind in Mexico after Hughes died, detailing the billionaire's personal and business activities. The documents, later entered into evidence in a Salt Lake City court, were found to have been forged. It was over those documents that Meier was convicted of obstruction of justice last August.

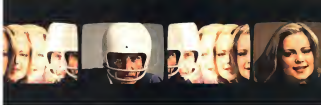
• In September, 1977, Meier received his Canadian citizenship, which surprised some RCMP officers who were, by this time, investigating Meier's activities closely. It was a case of one branch of government failing to consult another.

• After receiving his new passport, Meier embarked on his most elaborate scheme to date—founding a bank in the South Sea Kingdom of Tonga. Amid much publicity and fanfare, it was announced that Meier's Bank of the South Pacific would host the coconut kingdom into the 20th century with new development. The bank, however, is now almost defunct.

In May, 1978, a Salt Lake City grand jury issued a warrant for Meier's arrest for obstruction of justice because of the forged documents entered into evidence in his civil suit with the Hughes organization. During the lengthy extradition process, Meier tried to make a deal with the FBI, which sent three agents from its Los Angeles office to interview him in Vancouver without prior permission from Ottawa. A more diplomatic row ensued and one of the FBI agents involved has now resigned. Although Meier appealed the extradition all the way to the Supreme Court in Ottawa, he was eventually handed over to U.S. authorities, tried and jailed. □

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Frontlines

The deuces are wild

Alberta may not quite be Eldorado, but it's the next best thing to thousands of Canadians moving there to find gold. And the surveys are finding that although Albertans are turning oil, wheat, construction and other enterprises into bank accounts, there is one form of money they shy away from—the mislabeled \$2 bill.

Prone to abuse, the \$2 bill has been traced to similar American sentiments,

noted one of its tellers wouldn't even keep them in her cash.

Calgary historian James Gray traces the aversion to early American immigrants to Alberta. There are various explanations for the American dislike. Some say "deuce" being a polite word for devil carried with it a connotation of bad luck. And some think the superstition began with prohibition and led to miners refusing the bills in their pay packets because they weren't spendable



to superstition and to the practical consideration that most older cash registers lack a fifth compartment to store something besides ones, fives, tens and twenties. But whatever the origin of the antipathy, it is being eroded as customers move westward in search of their fortune—although the superstition is dying hard and very slowly.

In Calgary the Royal Bank reports bank use of \$2 bills now, while the Bank of Nova Scotia says "a few more" have come into circulation recently. Other banks say the bill is still highly unpopular. "Rascals' girls who become tellers here soon stop ordering them because customers don't want them," says a spokesman at the Bank of Nova Scotia.

The Bank of Canada has always shipped fewer of the bills to the Prairie than to any other region or province, and store clerks have been known to refuse to take what they call "B.C. money" because B.C. does not share the prejudice. A Lethbridge bank once ad-

vised its tellers. Even so, the \$2 bill was a staple of U.S. currency for more than 100 years. By 1960, however, Americans were refusing the bill to banks to such huge numbers that the U.S. treasury department pulled them off the market. A new \$2 bill was circulated three years ago, and the treasury figured it could save about \$4 million a year by printing notes by reducing production of \$1 bills and printing \$2 bills instead.

A Canadian explanation for the superstition is that the \$2 bill, introduced in 1870, first pleased generals Macdonald and Wells, who both came to early ends, and later featured the Prince of Wales who later abdicated as Edward VIII—a history of bad luck. One piece of misfortune is in the office for anyone stuck with a \$2 bill and seeking the traditional antidote—stripping off the top left-hand corner is supposed to let the left-hand corner that is defacing a bill, and thus unusable enough to be caught could then a stiff fine.

—Suzanne Zwarg

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Bustin' cowboys

By Dan L. Laroque

The Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association wound up its championship rodeo in Edmonton in November with a sigh of relief. For the ruling body of Canadian professional rodeo it had been the most traumatic year since its birth in 1964. Total prize money had slipped about \$550,000 to just over \$500,000. The association had lost North America's richest (more than \$100,000 in prize money) and best known rodeo when the



Calgary Stampede introduced Team Rodeo, using second-level cowboys from the Northwest Finals Rodeo Association out of Billings, Montana. Four of the C.R.C.'s brightest young stars had been killed in a plane crash in California last June. Tom Duerbacher, at 69 one of the legends of chuck-wagon racing, balked the C.R.C. to run his wagon with non-C.R.C. wagons at the Stampede. The group was rent by internal dissension—even fatfights—over Team Rodeo, the Stampede issue and rule changes. Stampede secretary Keith Ryland threw up his hands and quit, followed later by the resignation of veteran secretary-manager Barry Tibbitt. And finally there was talk of a breakaway by chuck-wagon drivers. Says C.R.C. President Ivan Jensen: "It hasn't been all roses." He won't run for the job again, either.

The controversial decision by the

Stampede directors to become the only rodeo in Canada with the Team Rodeo concept actually robbed the C.R.C. of two rodeos: the Stampede itself, and the winter indoor Rodeo Royal. (In Team Rodeo, two 15-man teams compete against each other, traditional competitors jitted and man and horse against the clock.) Tibbitt argues they account for the large drop in prize money. And despite parish arguments that Team Rodeo athletes are "part-timers, amateurs playing at rodeo," the Stampede has contracted the Northwest Association for two more years, effectively stifling a reassociation with the C.R.C.

"We had to make changes," explains retiring Stampede General Manager Bill Pratt. "Certainly we'd like to have the best cowboys. Some of these so-called amateurs are pretty good, but we'd like to give the public the very best,

Cellaring and barrel-racing at the Calgary Stampede, a new St. Louis

both from here and the United States. But Team Rodeo is here to stay. They say we had a team from Australia. Further down the line we may have them from wherever rodeoing is known. It's up to the C.R.C. to decide where they fit in."

Chuck wagon drivers challenged the Stampede this year by holding a successful competition in High River, 31 miles south of Calgary. Still, world chuck-wagon champion Kelly Rutherford says: "We sure do miss racing at the Stampede. That's the big one." So big, in fact, that Tom Duerbacher retired—and got—a one-year suspension from the C.R.C. for racking in Calgary (after an accident which killed three horses and for which he was blamed).

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Frontlines

The cowboys and local auto-racing promoter Gene McMahon tried to fill the traditional rodeo void in Calgary by launching the not-so-successful Calgary International Rodeo Stampede in September: cold weather and fall harvest severely slowed into the gate, and the \$59,000 total prize money wasn't too attractive to top American cowboys, which hindered the promotion of big names. McMahon says he will try again next year. "Perhaps with two rodeos—

spring and fall." But McMahon's park has no facilities for chuck wagons, which over the years have been one of the Stampede's biggest drawing cards.

Rodeo cowboys have built a reputation as being averse to change, but both Jensen and Tibbitt are pressing hard for major changes in the rules and presentation of the sport. In calf roping, for example, the CCRCA has experimented with the "Wendellian Rule," in which the

calf gets a 50-yard head start on the roper. (They currently leave the barrier together.) "It's a lot more exciting for the fan," Jensen argues. "It's a real contest." But top hands, including Canadian rodeo money leader Larry Behrens, don't like it. "It makes it tougher on a horse," he explains. "Top roping horses are tough to find." Robinson's own horse, Lucky, has been named the best in Canada. "I don't much like the idea of roping him." Two years ago, the association experimented tentatively with "one-in-one" in calf roping, in which two ropers and two calves break the barrier at the same time. Then-world champion Jim Gladstone tried it at Rodeo Royal and flunked it. But other ropers turned thumbs down on the change and the notion was dropped. And the very idea of Team Rodeo as set up by the Stampede is anathema to the tradition-bound cowboys. "But dammit, there have to be changes," says Jensen. "We're still doing well in the smaller towns, but the sports competition in urban areas is too tough for us to stand still. We have to be flashier if we're going to continue to grow."

There were 81 Canadian rodeos in 1979, and there's no great danger that the sport will collapse. With more than one million spectators in 1979 and just less than that in 1978, it remains a major sport throughout the West, and continues to appeal to young cowboys. More than 700 of the CCRCA's 1,200 active members are youngsters in the apprentice "penit" category, which allows them to compete in rodeos not sanctioned by the CCRCA until they have won \$1,000 in a year. The first Canadian rodeo was held in Raymond, Alberta, in 1943, and apart from the Team Rodeo challenge, the sport is much the same today as it was then (although women no longer compete in bronc and bull riding). But the ravages of 1979 have not gone unnoticed among cowboys. Several who had been opposed to Team Rodeo at the outset are now heading toward at least experimenting with it.

And, says Tibbitt, "next year we'll be working to modernize as much as we can. The attitude among the members is becoming more progressive." A committee will consider rule changes, the chuck wagons may be given the opportunity to make their own independent deal with the Calgary Stampede without fear of punitive action by the CCRCA (and thus heading off the rumored split with the organization). Cowboys are famous for an "all-for-one" attitude. "If we can show that on the issue of progress," says Jensen, "nothing can stop us getting the sports status in this country we deserve." ☐

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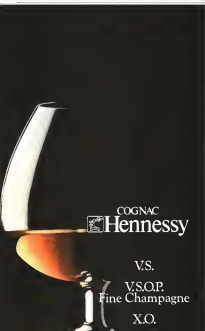
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Frontlines



Kuhn after black despair, grey mood

Panther in her prime

By Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Two-and-a-half million Canadians, roughly 11 per cent of the population, are aged 65 and over, by the year 2000 their ranks will have swelled by an extra half-million. Birthrates are in decline and pension experts fret and warn of serious things to come—of a vast retired, dependent population that will have to be carried on the backs of an overstressed, overworked and dwindling population of workers. But that scenario is being challenged. In increasing numbers, elders are rejecting the

legal compulsion to retire at age 65—taking much of their inspiration from a spirited American journalist and leader of the Gray Panther movement.

"Admittedly the outlook on paper is bleak," says Maggie Kuhn, 74, spry and optimistic as she peeks daintily on a grilled cheese sandwich at Wisconsin's Delta Macborough Hotel. "But, you know, I'm a great believer in divine intervention. Some unknown factor always turns up to change the course of history. My own outlook once was dim and look at me now."

Look indeed fed by the media, showered with awards, appointed to powerful committees, a world traveller, internationally known as the founder and guide of a movement that was waiting to be invented by the right person at the right time that Maggie Kuhn—whose recent speaking tour was an attempt to boost Canadian "panthers"—also knows the feel of the human scrap heap.

After a lifetime of fighting just causes, she ended up at the end of her "normal" career working in the pu-

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usual office of the United Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. She thought she was on the hill. "In 1991 I was 45 and they were kind enough to warn me I'd have to go," she says. "I cried for a month. It seemed as if I just cut me off because I had reached a flood point in chronology."

After the black despair came the grey rebellion. Kahn began to organize, together with five other elders statutorily

cut off. The Gray Panthers, now a 14,000-strong national body, was conceived and born, and with it Kahn was reborn. "Gray Panthers was styled as the radical approach of the Black Panthers, and it could only be born when we got over self-pity. We decided the world was screwed up, but that if we cared enough we could perhaps help to change it."

Initially, the intergenerational lobby group waged war on the feds: war in

Vietnam. Naturally, it also fought for an end to mandatory retirement, a humane health care system and an end to enforced poverty for the retired on fixed and declining through inflation incomes. "We are fighting again," says Kahn. "The gray revolution is out of the closet and I'll fight to change the system as long as I'm able."

Gray Panthers, based at her Philadelphia home, now publishes its own national newsletter, actively lobbies Congress and maintains a "media watch," attacking any commercials or articles that stereotype old people, such as feminists attack commercial

patronage. The gray revolution in Canada, she feels, is on a par with that in the U.S. elders—she detests the patronizing term "senior citizens"—are finally coming of age, recognizing the discrimination perpetrated on them and gradually becoming aware of their political power. She sees an eager place for Canada's elders in universal Medicare. "We are still fighting against a medical empire in the U.S. that delivers fat profits to a few but is basically inhumane," she says. "Canadians should fight tooth and nail to stop any government attempts to dilute their health care system. It's one of the finest."

She's delighted too with a handful of Human Rights Commission decisions in Canada that have ruled against mandatory retirement at 65. "Mandatory retirement is a massive social waste and destroys individuals," she asserts. "Only Maine and California have outlawed it but reality may force companies to abandon the policy even before governments fit. Several large companies are now calling back seasoned employees who were pensioned off. They've finally realized that in times of trouble the aged and experienced may have wisdom to contribute."

The threat of her movement has always been intergenerational. "It's not only for the rights of elders the government will play us off against the kids," observes the political realist. "We must form coalitions with many groups, many age levels, if we're to make the world more sane. We can take people to the moon but we can't get a bus for handicapped people to ride. That's what I call screwed-up technology."

Her travels are not without purpose. In Winnipeg to address a conference on "The Senior Boom—Our New Society," she urged 550 delegates to press politicians "like hell." "Don't run a single council meeting. Let administrators know you're watching them and taking notes," she urges. Her audience is highly attentive even though she states

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the obvious—few have stated it before so clearly.

The politicians are there, too. Newly elected federal Liberal MP Lloyd Axworthy tells the upturned grey heads that seniors today are more educated, more aware and physically healthier than at any time in the past. And although he is well received, there are the grumpy, motherhood issues. Where is the next? Duffin, a spokesman for Manitoba Health Minister Bud Sherran evens and begins to creak. He proudly announces the formation of a special committee to advise the government on future directions it should take to cope with the daily demand problems of out-of-siders. Kuhn's presence has again produced some kind of acknowledgment and commitment. "This may be an important step and may provide the type of social, critical analysis our society needs," she says. "It's beginning."

Her speech over, Kuhn is tired and remembers her arthritis. "Did you know," she says with the wide-eyed awe of a child who has just learned a new fact at school, "that the dinosaurs had arthritis?" They're certain of that from examination of bones. Perhaps it contributed to their extinction.

That gets explicated, she launches the nuclear energy industry, the pollution of the land and greedy monopolies—in no particular order. She never attacks people by name, just ideas and their supporters. Last year in England, however, she did trade verbal war with union leader Jack Jones. "He didn't like my ideas and I didn't like his and he belittled and had great fun!"

Kuhn with Philadelphia majority candidate Joseph Clark. "Wrinkled Radicals"



but she isn't bitter or vindictive. In late September she also stood with Jane Fonda before 300,000 anti-nuclear protesters in New York and added the weight and wisdom of her years to the idealism and energy of the youthful cohorts. "It just blew my mind seeing so many people so opposed to messing with our future," says Kuhn. Her adaptation to younger generations goes beyond colloquial expressions—the new admits that trial marriages no longer produce in her a Presbyterian angst.

The movement she founded gathered so much steam that in 1973 Ralph Nader's Retired Professional Action Group threw its lot in with her and merged. The importance of the Gray Panthers was recognized in the 1972 presidential campaign when George McGovern made her a member of his Advisory Board on Aging. Her personal dynamism has been acknowledged with a gleam of degrees and awards, including U.S. Housewife of the Year, her personality has been captured in a documentary, *Maggie Kuhn: Wrinkled Radical*. All that after being told she was "banned."

"I am proud of my wrinkles and I've earned them," she says with gusto. "Elders should be proud, not apologetic." Practically, she would like the North Americans to start learning something from ethnic minorities who still believe in the extended family—not necessarily a family of blood relationship. A spouse, she shares her own home with eight others ranging in age from 22 to 74. The others play rent or provide services in kind, but the human living experience, she says, is fantastic. "I just wish elder ladies with homes would consider doing what I did and they'd move force themselves and start living. Age can cut people off, but it doesn't have to." This winter she and her lodgers will construct a solar greenhouse. Her eyes gleam with anticipation.

The household is shared by others too—a poodle, two tanks of fish, 350 plants and a trio of sensitive cats. Charlotte and Emily Bessie and Loving Finn, or L.F. for short. It is, to hear it, a happy, fulfilled household. A very human family.

"We have to stop shutting people in based-on nursing homes," says Kuhn. "We have to begin sharing again. If there must be nursing homes then at least let them be built with public and shared areas. The massive paternalism of the 'helping' professions hasn't always helped. The aged need to see and meet the young. We're all getting older, after all."

She is, unquestionably, a lady in her prime. ◊



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Frontlines

Arguments for art's sake

The article *Is It Art?* (Nov. 16) by John Bentley Maye could have been written in Swahili, and would have been equally as comprehensible to this member of the great unwashed. I wonder how many readers of Maclean's really understood what he was trying to say? I, for one, had not the slightest idea!

FRANK E. HEARD, ALLISTON, ONT.

My response to your article *Is It Art?* is hardly. Among other things, art is creative. The display offered is nothing more than an assemblage and is about as artistic and creative as a shed full of garden tools.

J. C. DAVIES, BENTWOOD PARK, B.C.

We read, with interest, John Bentley Maye's article. On behalf of Paul Hunter, one of the Toronto artists referred to in the text, we would like to correct the spelling of his name. It is Paul Hunter, not Hunter as printed in your article.

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Risky business

In my mind, your article *Quest for the Atomic Society* (Nov. 16) is an affront to reason. Nuclear reactors are large, powerful machines, the defective operation of which creates quite unprecedented

[Editors are edited and may be condensed. Writers should specify their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 411 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.]



LETTERS

hazards. If they are to be induced to operate successfully, the people entrusted with them must be capable of some pretty straight thinking, which was certainly not exhibited by Dr. Newcombe, a former researcher at Atomic Energy of Canada, who likened the "volcanic reaction of groups in British Columbia or Nova Scotia" to people responding to something else "more like a phobia of snakes." To compare nuclear hazards with those resulting from the operation of automobiles, aircraft or climbing mountains is tendentious, to say the least. I think that the people in the nuclear reactor business have always been aware of the risks involved, but have been less than honest in divulging them to the public. I feel the whole controversy could be ended overnight simply by making it clear to the owners and operators of nuclear facilities that they will be responsible for the claims arising from accidents. There is

Sale! Children at Vancouver Art Gallery shops. It could have been in Swahili.

not an established insurance company in the whole of North America willing to underwrite their operations. If the professionals cannot see how the gains outweigh the risks, then it is asking a little too much to expect the producers to do otherwise.

GEORGE F. MITCHELL
LACE COWHAR, B.C.

Sweet and Coca-Cola

In regretting Havana's lack of polish (*The Few Given and the Future Shown*, but *Havana Today Could Be Sweet*, Polak, Oct. 20), William Leather remembers that "wealthy North Americans used to come to Havana for the shopping, for the gambling and for the girls." Possibly he forgets that the things not shipped for fear were produced by forced labor, the gambling was run by the Mafia and the girls were prostitutes. In addition, one might mention that the building of modern apartments, which have priority over historical restoration work, are for the kind of people who, before the revolution, lived in shelters made of old soft-drink signs.

GEORGE JACOBSON, MONTREAL

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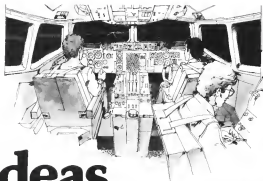
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Frontlines

at the same time a government follows
policies that increase the income of this
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JOHN KUTIELKA, NEWMARKET, ONT.

Peter C. Newman's editorial on gasoline rationing versus sky-high oil prices is the most intelligent and refreshing article to appear from the mass of media drivel we have been subjected to over the past few months as oil prices rise. It appears that only two influential people in our country, Mr. Newman and Premier Bill Davis, can see through this world oil price charade. While not too much can be expected from apathetic Canadians, what is astounding is the lack of response from our so-called champions of the people. Are they going to sit quietly while the grand fraud of the century is perpetrated on the people of this country? Come on Canadians, protest! If the U.S. was 80 per cent self-sufficient in oil as we are and the politicians tried to impose control oil prices there, would he run out of the country?

D. CARLISLE, CATARAUGUS, ONT.

Congratulations to Peter C. Newman's editorial on gasoline rationing. It may interest you to know that in July of this year, I and seven other women wrote a letter to the prime minister expressing our views on the oil situation, which were in complete agreement with Newman's editorial. It seems that the federal government is not as interested in protecting Canadians from the impact of devastating inflation as it is protecting their own mobility, however short-term, through stocking the federal coffers. We have still not received a reply to our letter.

E. R. DAVEY,
NIGARA ON THE LAKE, ONT.

Black labels

Maureen O'Neill is quoted as saying about Canadian women "I want to establish that we are not some oppressed group lumped in with the Jews, the half and the blind. I want your economic part of social and economic policy at the highest levels" (The Women's Week & Getting Down, Oct. 29). I am personally severely disabled, a woman and fully employed in the re-education of women for handicapped people at a large Canadian university. My life experience has taught me that labelling people is the first step toward removing their human rights. Which label is more appropriate for me, "crippled" or "woman"? According to Ms. O'Neill, because I am crippled, I can't be a woman.

J. J. DUBOIS, SHOW ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

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Frontlines



Blyth, the sports pocket-poached him

Showtrain bound for glory

By Ken Becker

This is a success story. It's the story of one young man's success. The emphasis here is on young. And, it's a Canadian story: Canada, where overnight fortunes were once made off the land, now where everyone can use his head and nerve to mine the pocketbooks of Toronto and Edmonton and Vancouver. It is the land of opportunity for young men and women with an idea, a scam or a scheme. This is the story of Sam Blyth.

In the early fall of 1976, at the age of 23, Sam Blyth left Europe for India and Nepal. Like Larry Durrell in *The Four Seasons*, Blyth sought the mystical East and high Himalayas as his site of adventure, unlike Durrell—who was seeking a hidden truth and a meaning for life—Blyth was seeking higher income and an end to a means. Durrell eventually came down the mountain with an inner peace. Blyth came down with an inner nerve and a sense of destiny. Then he headed panache to Toronto, where the kid showed up his elders, and did it with a new twist to an old-fashioned idea. This fall he ended his first full, successful season of organizing 3,000 miles of show bus on the rails.

Genius. David Blyth—he played up Sam at an early age, a reference to the

operator. He led bicycle tours of Europe, he initiated a very successful program for high-school students at a French school in Switzerland. In eight months, he earned and saved \$10,000. He quit his job. On Oct. 12, 1977, Blyth and Co. was launched. At 25, Sam Blyth was working for Sam Blyth, still organizing tours. He made the pitches, he made the profits. Blyth and Co. never suffered growing pains. Five months after he opened shop, Blyth began to

seal his financial future (though he didn't know it at the time).

In March, 1978, the Shaw Festival Theatre approached Blyth about putting together a cross-Canada cultural tour. The idea was to stage in major cities, taking in the ballet or a play at each stop. "They wanted I would organize it by flying them from Toronto to Winnipeg and then on to maybe Edmonton and Vancouver," Blyth says. "But it occurred to me that flying from city to

here in a TV show called *Cosplay*. Genes—was born Feb. 4, 1954, in Camp Hill, a Canadian Forces base near Brandon, Manitoba. His father, David Blyth, was a career army officer. When Sam was 3, the family moved to Ottawa. Sam was later shipped off to Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ontario. But after 10 years in Ottawa, the Blyths picked up again, David Blyth switching from the army to the diplomatic corps, the family moving to England. Sam would not live in Canada again until late 1976. He went to Uppingham School in England, then on to Cambridge and the Sorbonne, where he abandoned a master's program for Paris' more earthy educational opportunities.

Down from the mountains of Nepal, with \$500 in his pocket, Sam Blyth returned to Canada. He was well-educated, well-bred and extremely socially for a fellow his age. He would surely be an asset to any firm looking for a young man ready to start out. But Blyth had other ideas. "I had job offers from banks, brokerage houses, accounting firms, but I had decided I wanted to be on the travel business."

It had found the life in Europe spectacular, particularly in Paris. But I came to Canada because of the opportunities I saw here, enormous opportunities for young Canadians. In Europe, and even the U.S., there's more discounting. Here there is an ease of acceptance. Secondly, the establishment in Canada has for so long been in the established professions—finance, law, medicine—and the entrepreneurial field has been left to the immigrants. It's always been open for people with talent, capital and ambition.

He went to work for a travel tour

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Frontlines

city doesn't expend a holiday. Businessmen do that all the time and airports are not something they look forward to. So I went to Via Rail and asked them if I could charter some train equipment."

Rieth's idea was luxury transcontinental train service with an emphasis on fine food and wine and from-time entertainment. He told Via Rail he wanted to convert a boxcar into a lounge, the wanted first-class accommodations and a chef. The railroad said it couldn't be done, that it wasn't economically feasible. They haggled for months. Finally, Rieth went ahead and advertised the train. One 150-line ad in *The Globe and Mail* sold out the train (54 places) in three hours. Via Rail came up with the equipment. The Canadian Showtrain made its maiden run on Oct. 1, 1978. In 1979, it made 11 more round trips between Toronto and Vancouver, at \$1,265 per person (one way), 10 days each way.

The train has attracted a very exclusive clientele. Most of its passengers are well-off, many are middle-aged and filled with memories of a more leisurely era, many have travelled the fabled Orient Express or the U.S. Sky Chief and remember the culture and elegance of service. On the Showtrain they get the same feeling, especially at mealtimes (prime steaks, fresh salmon and Arctic char, French wines and champagnes). They also get entertained by the likes of Tom Kesteven and David Christie, set to mention the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and other theatre companies during overnight stops in major cities (where first-class hotels are part of the package).

Rieth has already sold 500 places on the train for next year, when he has 26 trips scheduled. And he has also branched out in a similar area, chartering the U.S. steamboat *Delta Queen* (the ship Jimmy Carter vacationed on last August) for a 14-day October cruise up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Cincinnati, top price, including airfare, \$1,000 (U.S.) per person.

Rieth says he has grossed more than \$1 million this year. He's not a millionaire yet, but he will be soon. However, money is merely the first step in this ambitious young man's career. Once he has conquered that he plans to go on to power, perhaps running Canada's rail lines or starting his own airline. Then, who knows?

There's a book out now by American writer Ward Just called *Power, Passion, Power: The Life of a Man*. Saw Rieth wants it all, though not necessarily in that order. What's going to sell him it can't be done!



By Robert Lewis and Susan Riley

Everyone knew he was unhappy playing John Diefenbaker to Joe Clark's Lester Pearson. For months in Liberal circles, he mused about his future with trusted confidants. But not even John Turner or Donald Macdonald expected Pierre Trudeau to do what he did last week, on the eve of the referendum in Quebec, even though throughout his vibrant 14 years on the national scene Trudeau has been anything but predictable. Now drained, at times fearful, he was giving up the Liberal leadership in revolt in—and retreat—a fragile personal life.

Ever since football fans booted the national anthem in Exhibition Stadium, Trudeau has loathed his visits to Toronto. The joyless four days he concluded there last week before his announcement did nothing to banish thoughts of getting out. He tried, despite a festering toothache, to master the political vision and intellectual inspiration demanded by 2,000 hungry Ontario delegates. But they knew, as did he, that the night was gone. "You could tell the crowd was shifting away from him as a leader," says a member of the national executive. "They love him, but they knew it was all over."

Trudeau decided not to stay around while the Liberal party—however bloodlessly—continued to challenge his position at the helm. Ever since the election there had been calls throughout English Canada for a leadership review in the first part of the new year and he feared a national meeting on the subject last weekend. His new has been listening, even though he appeared withdrawn and listless. His main concern was the Quebec referendum—the looming event that kept him from resigning in 1976, although that decision was a factor in the breakup of his marriage. Finally, Trudeau convinced himself that he could participate effectively from the sidelines, liberated from the conflicting demands of national office.

Predictably, however, Premier René Lévesque, while praising Trudeau, characterized the resignation as an an-

gle slap. "The page of 'French Power,'" he declared, "is obviously, definitely turned." If the jury is still deliberating that charge, Trudeau at least seems destined to react now mainly to the solutions of others—notably provincial Liberal leader Claude Ryan, who emerges as the undisputed leader of the federalist forces in Quebec. Conceivably Trudeau was persuaded, in light of Ryan's recent successes in three by-elections and Joe Clark's "hands off" style, that his high-profile, confrontational style was outdated in the times.

The obvious immediate beneficiary of Trudeau's decision was the government of Joe Clark, struggling as a minority in Parliament with controversial policies and within the political family about the new price for oil and gas. There is now no threat of a winter election but, faced with a just-elected Liberal loss in the spring, Clark may wish to avoid an election until at least 1981.

The timing of Trudeau's departure shifts attention to a party that, with last week's by-election victory in Newfoundland, believes it is on the rise. With an extravagant delirium to grand by the party, possible Trudeau successors were prowling convention corridors in Toronto before his announcement, disavowing even the resignation statement in the job. Only Donald Macdonald, though, had a real sense of the occasion—on Saturday Trudeau nipped away from the hotel for a private chat with his old ally about his retirement plans.

That gesture, toward the man who expelled Trudeau from Treasury in 1968, was the only indication of Trudeau's preference for Macdonald over Turner. Turner termed talk of a leadership race "premature" even though his most trusted people arrived in Toronto for co-3 solutions. Macdonald, also a former finance minister who repeatedly rejected thoughts of leadership after leaving Trudeau's cabinet in 1977, promptly opened the door by



Trudeau resigns; possible successors were on the prowl even before he quit

*The NDP was the other in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, last page 30. New party standings in the Commons: PC 131, Liberals 112, NDP 27, Social Credit 6.

politicians, the students' political consciousness continues to be in many high schools. Admitted Principal Kim Noss. "After the spring election, Justin took a lot of a beating. Kids are not. As well, friends of Trudeau's say he is concerned that his children are getting to the age when they will be fully aware of their mother's mach-political delusions. Although, at 20, Margaret is trying to settle quietly in Ottawa, her past escapades will linger as the threat of fallout from a lively reactor. There is, of course, her best-selling autobiography, *Beyond Me*, which chronicles her past incursions as political wife, photojournalist, actress and Studio 54 dancer. And, more recently, her appearance in the satirical graphic magazine *High Society*, in which she was photographed apparently as a draughtsman. "You figure it out," said one Trudeau friend. "How would you give your kids to see their mother in a pose like that?"



Gray Cap '79: private man

Throughout the two and a half years of his separation, Trudeau has borne the slings and arrows of Margaret's outrageous fortunes with equanimity and reserve. Having long looked at his wife's personal life as an outside job, he no longer intervenes to control his wife's behavior and even his office staff doesn't interfere with his extra-official business. "Since he became leader of the Opposition, we just don't bother asking," said one staff member. "He's a very private man."

Whether Trudeau—even after he hands in his MP's badge—will be able to regain the privacy he seems to desire in anybody's guess. One thing is certain: He'll never allow himself to be outshined in the Senate. **Joe O'Hare**

They're off! The man of love, the Man from Glad

Roger Shearnon felt this on Wednesday morning: The night before, only one day after he had become the Liberal leader in the country, he had gone on Newfoundland and taken his leader "absolutely perfect." But that was yesterday. Today he had no leader.

Eugene Whelan was down on his knees in St. John's, Ontario, when the telegram arrived. The former agriculture minister had always stood behind Trudeau. Always. And when news of the split came, he stepped aside. He stepped aside, it made his head spin. Perhaps the telegram had advice he should heed. Just three words: "Go boy go!"

Frances Wright was brushing her teeth when the phone rang to carry the news. As the Liberal party's Alberta organizer, she had long known what a slow day felt like. But by the end of that particular day she had signed up 60 new members. Suddenly, her life had new meaning.

Disrupted by the present, it should come as no surprise that the Liberal party of Canada began looking ahead at 11:55 a.m., *Business Standard* Time, Wednesday, Nov. 21, the moment Pierre Trudeau publicly declared he was leaving. They would be there, spilled on the floor, back first—back some 102 years to 1827 when Wilfrid Laurier, himself dreaming one day of being prime minister, said

that a key element of liberalism was that "there is always room for improvement of our condition." Now, suddenly, out of office in Ottawa, out of power in every province, with only three elected MPs from the Manitoba-Ontario border west, the conflict has really deteriorated.

Without exception, Liberals described the Trudeau resignation as "a surprise," yet that description suffers from some ambiguity. "It was a surprise, yet not a surprise," said Frances Wright in Calgary. "Rather like your great aunt Harriet, sitting 100 years old and dying." For if there was sadness there was also relief. "Power means down a political party and there must be a period of rejuvenation," said New Brunswick Liberal leader Joseph Daigle. "And to get that you have to change, and the change must go right to the top." In British Columbia a party worker admitted: "The timing couldn't have been better." And in Winnipeg, once defeated Liberal minister, minister Otto Lang confessed: "It will be easier to rebuild the party in the West without him."

"The Liberal party, so long as it stands for liberalism, will never die, never die," Joey Smallwood signed in St. John's last week. But he also knew better than Trudeau himself that the party had been failing badly and was in need of a transfusion. "I think we are out of touch with large sections of the grassroots," he told a Toronto policy convention in 1978. "I think we have to worry, as Liberals, about our future as a national party. The party is not well-organized. You can't organize without fire in your bellies, without faith in something."

Liberals try, but it is difficult to draw much faith from the present. A federal by-election victory in Newfoundland, three provincial by-election victories in Quebec—all improvements—but they had taken also to choosing "good shoguns" in by-elections they lost. Nick Taylor, the Alberta provincial leader, came within 258 votes in a Wednesday provincial by-election—an 81st successful run at a seat—and declared the loss a "victory." But the truth, as Senator David Stewart of Saskatchewan points out, is that, "We have got to quit coming second and start coming first."

Trudeau's "Yes in your brother" will be administered, of course, by whoever replaces him. With the leadership convention slated for March 28 in Winnipeg, it is unlikely he will be in charge of a Joe Clark slowly emerging over a strictly year-long campaign. To the front runners—former finance minister Donald Macdonald and John Turner—goes the advantage, and so do one expects them not to take it. Turner, the Man from Glad and Joe Street, has support from everywhere but his own party. Perceived as a warrior by the public and a quill by his political colleagues, Turner offers charisma, Minganish, corporate concerns and an important touch-base in the West (he attended the University of British Columbia). What he lacks is precisely what Macdonald offers: the love of the party.

Macdonald is not a party man, a hot-tempered but his argument that he doesn't have the "royal jelly" may already be inoperative, particularly if Pierre Trudeau is indeed delivering the silent word of approval. Macdonald has opened the door to the possibility of running, but he will have to be wooed. The case of Golden Lady royal jelly that Jean-Pierre Goyette sent him from Hong Kong remains unopened—"you like long-term Royal? I've got it," he says. Jean-Pierre is watching the television proceedings of the Commons make him feel like "an old promoter of war wearing Bishop 17 reruns." But few doubt he will be persuaded.

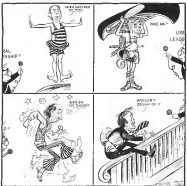
The struggle over the next four months will be less concerned with the two Bay Street lawyers than with other entrants and the role of Quebec. They will come with their ready-made confederates: Eugene Whelan's folks, Robert Andrus' accountants, Lloyd Asworthy's New West and Art Phillips' hair and dandy wife, Carole Taylor—and it

will be there, fall and rise of their fortunes will chart the manner of the Macdonald and Turner incoherence. Turner, for example, has already spoken to Whelan about getting together, fully aware that Whelan has little time for him.

But Quebec will remain the wild card throughout. Holding 47 of the Liberal party's 113 federal seats, Quebec is the party's singular power base and the eventual winner will require approval there. The potential king maker is Jean Chretien, the popular former finance minister who is a close friend of Macdonald's and who has never forgiven Turner for the low blow a 1976 Turner "confidential corporate memo" contained. Chretien, of course, might run himself, though he argues: "I have no commitment with destiny." Besides, he adds: "It's the turn of an anglo, and I cannot pretend I'm an anglophone."

Alternating between a French and English leader is tradition only, however, and since Quebec Liberals are quick to point out that an anglophone, perhaps John Turner, would have followed Pearson in 1968 had not Trudeau become a last-minute entry. Two who might run are Jean-Luc Pepin and Maurice Babin. "They will tell us 'Run, please run—we need a French Canadian to run,'" says Babin. "But they will also be saying, 'Make sure you come second.'" Significantly, the Quebec caucus has already met in Ottawa and decided to proceed with the utmost caution.

And caution, it would seem, is the public outcried for the moment. No one wishes to be the first to declare, but all wish desperately to know if they dare declare Eugene Whelan admitted his people would be making "hundreds of calls" over the weekend, not to test the water. Eventually, someone will jump. For the bulk of the Liberal party, however, pausing to catch breath carries the risk of losing it.



21-1: GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS

altogether. Party President Senator Alexander Graham hurried away from the Trudeau press conference saying he couldn't afford the luxury of mourning. "There's not enough time," he said over his shoulder as he headed back to his Senate office. "I've got phone calls to make. I've got to get organizing." And on Parliament Hill behind him, the statue of Wilfrid Laurier stared silently straight ahead. **Ray MacGregor**

THE MORNING LINE

| | | | (add) | | |
|----------------------|------|---|-------|--|--|
| Robert Andrus, 58 | 18-1 | Workhorse, don't normally race, but has strength in the field | | | |
| Jean-Luc Pepin, 55 | 20-1 | Frisky, bala. Might run one race, in any direction | | | |
| Lloyd Asworthy, 38 | 20-1 | A yearling with potential, but lacks both training and conditioning | | | |
| Art Phillips, 49 | 21-1 | Blue ribbon in dressage | | | |
| Herb Gray, 48 | 20-1 | A plowder. Finishes only in dull weather | | | |
| Wendie Babin, 43 | 20-1 | Ornate post position difficult to break out of | | | |
| Francis Fox, 39 | 48-1 | Fast disqualification might hurt | | | |
| Mark MacGuigan, 48 | 50-1 | Riskier difficulty | | | |
| John Turner, 50 | 7-1 | Preferred real position, only favorite, changes a worn bit | | | |
| Donald Macdonald, 47 | 5-1 | Clubhouse favorite, trouble with short track, might slip on royal jelly | | | |
| Jean Chretien, 45 | 8-1 | Trouble with English saddle, skittish, possible switch in Macdonald's favor | | | |
| Eugene Whelan, 55 | 14-1 | Likes the media. Turner will need to watch the funds on someone. Run well with Chretien | | | |

RIP: a flaming failure fuelled by a cereal box

By Robert Lewis

Management of men—or women for that matter—is not my strong suit.—Pierre Trudeau, 1972

History, no doubt, will be kinder to his record. Now, against the odds of monumental pressure, his rivals abuse and berate. Nevertheless, someday, may conclude that he did more than could be expected of a man, that his fellows, so dazzled by the style and personality, did not fathom the sea changes of his stewardship: a new generation turning on to politics, the awakening to claims by the original people, the promotion of women, a larger part for Canada on the world stage, the clear and controversial vision of force at the federalist centre—and, above all else, the charm call to Ottawa which was heeded by the blind and daughters of Quebec's Quiet Revolution.

For now, in the immediacy of political capitulation, there is the taste of a fine vintage turned sour. The noble concept of official state bilingualism, of which he was the willing embodiment, was enshrined in the dunes of a better back-lash, fuelled by the lowly corn flakes bar and his own failure to sell the message. It was to have been a mere tool in a larger vision—one he enunciated in Montreal during the close of a magnificent electoral spring in 1968, but only part of which was comprehended: "I am trying to put Quebec in its place—and the place of Quebec is in all of Canada." When the generous abuse of Trudeau and his people in Ottawa proved insufficient for the task, the rest of the nation first turned off the music, then turned out the lights, next, incredibly, the issue which motivated his march in holding to a head and he is leaving to fight, uncharacteristically, from the trenches.

Arguably, what hurt him most was not Quebec or even inflation; it was people—and their leaving. Starting in the fall of 1975, there was the perceived flip-flop on controls, the unguarded warnings of a "New Society," repeated and unsuccessful attempts at restraint and an expedient reliance on polls instead of policies. But there was also an erosion of people who leader needs in a crunch at the cabinet table.

Gérard Pelletier went to Paris, largely weary after a decade of toil but conceding that he would have stayed had Trudeau asked. Jean Marchand's departure was largely of his own creation, but the trigger was Otto Lang's settlement of the air traffic control dispute, the terms of which were hammered out in Trudeau's absence at a summit of

world leaders in Puerto Rico. Much later, broken and dispirited, Marchand sought dinner—but Trudeau, pressed by state business, warned him to leave early. The upheaval may someday reveal whether one result was Marchand's subsequent diminished view of his old comrade's chances for political survival.

In between, there was John Turner. His retreat to the boardrooms of Toronto was not so much a personal loss to the prime minister, but a signal to the nation that something was amiss. All Turner really wanted was a slap on the back and recognition of future immortality. Instead, he heard assurances that the reasons for his return to private life were understood, and an offer of a Senate seat or a judgeship. Trudeau allowed later that the whole affair had been a regrettable misunderstanding. But before the last election, after forces on both sides laid the seeds of Turner's return to the Liberal fold, Trudeau would not pick up the phone to clutch the deal.

On the level of personal pride and ideology, the reaction on Turner was understandable. A man of special inner strength, Trudeau made his own judgments about Turner and the others. But in a profession of passion and people, he self-confessed inability to reach out to others proved telling, if not fatal. He described that personal trust in his brother George Radwanski as a product of his childhood, when he first armed himself against "opening the gates to my inner self. I know," he went on, "I can be as hurt as anyone, and therefore I don't, I never did, let just anybody in."

In the end, he had paid an awful price. The unrelenting glare of the media, so crucial in his rise, has scorched the saplings to his mystery. He had lost his wife at home and the seat in the House to the Speaker's right, which was to serve as a form of compensation. Tragically, there were too few kindred souls left in his party to whom he could turn to help mend the wounds. Back in 1966 it seemed so simple: "I find it easy to change roles," he observed then. "If I'm unhappy, or frustrated, or unable to act, I gain that gain and play some other role."



Trudeau accepts the Liberal leadership, 1968; and the Liberal defeat, May, 1979. In the end, an awful price.



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The perils of one-man rule

Like a bad thing to stick the pencil back on a broken Christmas toy, B.C. Premier Bill Bennett last Friday attempted to shore up his tattered Social Credit government. He ordered both a massive cleanup of his cabinet, which now only six members retain their old portfolios, and a dramatic reshaping of his own office.

Striding with a California holiday complexion close to the color of the red nose in his lapel, Bennett watched like a proud principal as his secretary of following validation letters in the mail. The most significant change was the creation of a ministry of intergovernmental relations headed by disgraced former attorney-general George Gordon. That was a clear attempt, along with the shifting of responsibilities of neoliberal energy minister Jim Hewitt, to give B.C. more influence and power: two reasons of its unimpressive performance at the recent crucial Ottawa energy conference. Other significant changes saw the movement of Allan Williams from the amateur labor portfolio to become attorney-general and its replacement by Prince George labor lawyer Jack Heinrich. Former federal Liberal cabinet minister Jack Davis, convicted of pocketing the difference between first- and second-class air fare to government trips, was passed over.

The changes come after several months during which puzzled constituents have been watching small pebbles of B.C. scandal burst onto the top of the Rockies. "Penny-ante stuff," said one Social Credit supporter, "but the response from government has been bad." The response has been that of an edgy and defensive administration. The signal mistake started with the so-called Lettettage affair—allege given by two mass researchers to pursue to write pro-Social letters to newspapers and to sign phony names. That bit of rust-nosed Treasury Hall has so far resulted in the stepping down of three minor Social Credit functionaries and the launching of an RCMP investigation complete with police raids on Social Credit offices. As much as Bennett would like to smother the memory of Lettettage, he is haunted by the defiance of one person, 36-year-old Ellen Mackay, a Social Credit researcher whose glibly sassy remarks were heard on the tapes urging dirty tricks. Mackay's casual chairman boss attempted to give her a reprimand and ordered her to take a month's unpaid leave as punishment. "No dice," said



Bennett after shuffle and (below) Mackay: a little bit of unriveted Treasury Hall



Mackay, acting under legal advice. She said what she did had been ordered by her superiors and the refusal to accept a reprimand. Writing to the Social Credit boss scuttled back to his office and banned the press from the area. Mackay continues to sit in the Social Credit office and is a thumbing, spunky embarrassment. "The casual seems to have exonerated me," she marvels, "because at that may seem."

The method in the madness, says Mackay's lawyer, Robert Gardner, is "to demonstrate her small role in this activity"—a significant consideration if the RCMP investigation attempts to

bring charges of counselling to commit an indictable offence.

Bennett returned from vacation Wednesday to Mackay, to ministers publicly sleeping at the party's headquarters of Lettettage, to a hectoring press and to a redoubled civil service alertness to make legislative and name around ministries—all consequences, according to many observers, of an increasing Bennett obsession toward social rule. It was for this reason that Bennett's proposed executive changes, suggested by a management consultant last September, were watched closely. "The cabinet moves are cosmetic, the real meat will be who he does to the inner office," says one observer.

The system of three co-equal senior advisers clearly was not working. "Civil servants stopped calling the premier's office," complained one insider. "They didn't know who to talk to." As a result, concurrent with the shuffle, one staffer has been moved to Ottawa and two are rumored to be leaving. In their place will be a new senior deputy minister—chief of staff who can present authority from dislodging in Bennett's absence.

Bennett hopes the changes will crack the voters' eyes back from the war-torn events of the past few months. Many are pessimistic. "Bennett was fabulous in the Fort Knox," says one staffer, referring to a trade mission that coincided with the dirty trucks revolution, "but who remembers that?"

Thomas Hopkins

Saskatchewan An unkind cut for the Chief

So far only a white pocket fence marks the graves of John and Olive Defenbacher on the bare Saskatoon hillside slanting down to the winter brown bank of the South Saskatchewan River. As workers complete the nearby John Defenbacher Centre at the University of Saskatchewan, the only landscape in the mound of untended grass adorned with fading wreaths. "They passed about three tons of cement on John to keep the vandals out," says Max Carmichael, his old friend Albert Groot. "That will bother him if he decides to rise again." Adds Harry Houghton, his lifelong friend "Maybe

they'll say he's just played me."

But if John Groot Defenbacher was absent in the flesh last week, his spirit pervaded the federal by-election in the central Saskatchewan riding he had owned for 26 years until his death in August. The city of Prince Albert brims with memorabilia to bridge and a school named for him, his house which will become a museum, Defenbacher memorial cross for sale in the stores. And a bronze statue standing seven-feet-tall—as always, larger than life—with its right forefinger typically extended, perhaps now pointed accusingly at those Conservatives who allowed his constituency to slip into the clutches of the socialists. With the Liberals retaining Newfoundland's Burnt-St. Georges, the Clark government's majority in the House has dropped to a single seat.

Stan Howdies, a bespectacled 56-year-old director of northern education, took Prince Albert for the NDP with 32,000 votes, a majority of 611 over Tory lawyer Brian Kagan, 40. The win was not unexpected: provincially the area tends to vote left and in last May's federal election Howdies' reduced Defenbacher's lead to 4,000, the slimmest ever. This month campaign workers reported antagonism to the Conservative government, because of slumping interest rates and its plans to raise between a penny and a cent.

The Nov. 15 by-election confirmed publicly what the PCs had feared privately: Prince Albert was Defenbacher Country, and a Conservative stronghold. Their words were echoed by the astonishing 3,333 votes polled by Liberal Guy Huardeneau, a 34-year-old criminal lawyer whose high-powered campaign leached enough anti-socialist support to secure the NDP victory. The by-election also illuminated the virtual absence of any Conservative machine in the constituency. "What kind of an organization do you need when you have a statue of the man standing down the street?" a young Tory worker said on election night. What little organization Defenbacher did have disappeared when riding president, Dick Sheehan, a Defenbacher, abandoned the party in October to run successfully for the mayor's chair. Kagan, the Conservative candidate, was Prince Albert's critic of the year in 1978 but has slow-growth style and low-key campaign almost alienated his colleagues. One campaign worker confided that the candidate routinely took several seconds to think of something to say before he dared knock on a door. "His fades into the architecture," says Dr. Glen Groot, Defenbacher's Prince Albert physician.

In contrast, Huardeneau has a distinguished silver-haired presence, commanding courtroom voice and his vocal cord cancer-defeating 67 murder sus-

pects, all but three of whom were acquitted or had their charges reduced to manslaughter. While Kagan kept mentioning that he worked for Defenbacher's old law firm, Huardeneau pointed out his own arduous days when "J.G." taught young Guy all he knew. And Huardeneau's critics, such as Defenbacher trials as descending in a helicopter onto eight Indian reserves in the final two days of the campaign.

Although all the candidates (including dark-skinned independent John DeBryne, a door-to-door salesman from Calgary) tried the chief's antipolitical anti-stirring technique, somehow it wasn't the same. Like the Shogun, the 21-year-old owner of Fairway Donuts, the site of Defenbacher's committee room last May, says, "Mr. Defenbacher would at least ask you what you thought. These other guys don't care what you think."

Prince Albert, crucial to the balance of power in the House of Commons, was



Victorious Howdies and the Defenbacher statue. "These other guys don't care"



delagated with prominent Ales, including three Quebec Liberals to please the 14 per cent of the population who speak French. While new leader Ed Broadbent visited twice and Joe Clark appeared for two hours (only to be greeted by strike airport radio operators), Guy Huardeneau refused to make Prime Trudeau for fear of alienating voters.

In Stan Howdies, the NDP had a Newfound Canadian with an M.A. in education. He has taught natives in the Yukon, Muslims in New Zealand and Protestants in Val d'Aix, Quebec, directed the school act for Nigeria and ran a northern department of education responsible for an area covering half of Saskatchewan. The 37's shabby ground machine did the rest, importing two federal organizers and borrowing young party workers from across the province (some of whom stayed at the Sheraton Marlboro where the night clerk used to bring John Defenbacher his tea and tea at 6 a.m.).

On election afternoon, 36-year-old Harry Houghton and 62-year-old Max Carmichael, around the Conservative committee room revealing their friend, the Chief "Without that, this election has been a conch," said Carmichael, his rampled face missing into a grin. Houghton, separate sales driven across his weathered plaid and downy features, agreed. "He was hard to control. He would get into a rampage in the morning and say we're going to have a helicopter and I'd have to get one in 10 minutes." Carmichael, "He would descend from heaven in that helicopter, and he'd take that."

The two old pals were still at work in this by-election, Houghton as office manager, Carmichael as constituency treasurer. "But we didn't door-knock this time," Max Carmichael had to admit. "It's a young man's game now, it really is." Sheehan, whose polls closed on election night, his friend Harry was admitted to hospital with chest pain after he collapsed in the campaign's races.

Paul Grosseau

A nuclear spark for a Latin tinderbox

By William Lowther

Brasil is expected to test a nuclear weapon within the next year, possibly within the next six months. "It is an extremely disturbing situation and threatens the stability of all Latin America," says Larry Byrne of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs, which gave the warning last week according to information from the council's top-secret sources in Sao Paulo and Brasilia. The Brazilian dictatorship has been co-operating for the past two years with its old adversary Argentina on atomic weapons research. Scientists from both countries are said to have received guidance and encouragement from South Africa, which is now widely believed to have received most of its nuclear know-how from Israel.

The Brazilians are using weapons-grade plutonium produced by the nuclear reactors built for them in 1976 by West Germany. The reactors were constructed under a \$19-billion contract which almost went to Canada. The German Kraftwerke Union (KRU) company has also recently signed a contract with Argentina to build nuclear reactors there. Again, Canada narrowly missed

out (Moscow's Oct. 26, 1979).

"The real reason that Brazil and Argentina bought German is that the reactors they produce will more easily provide weapons-grade plutonium while the Canadian ones are much safer from that point of view and will not," said a diplomatic source in Washington.

The independently financed Council on Hemispheric Affairs—a politically left-leaning but well-respected think tank—says the Brazilian authorities first confirmed, then denied, the fact that they were close to a test. It adds that the evidence indicates that in one blunder way Brazil and Argentina have been pushed toward nuclear power status by President Jimmy Carter's human rights policies. Both countries, while remaining repressive and brutal regimes, have recently been forced to make some liberalising concessions internally to satisfy new United States standards for the various indirect aid and trade programs. These concessions have angered the military hard-liners within government to whom the nuclear weapon project has served as a master deception.

South African involvement is also of great potential significance that country's Latin American friendships—some have described them as an association of saints—has been long

strong defense overtures, could form the base of a whole new economic structure should other Western nations eventually decide to embargo Pretoria's trade as the ultimate objective to apartheid. "South Africa is really having friends for the future," said a council spokesman.

The South African connection, and the fact that the Brazilians are close to exploding a device, are the new elements in a picture that has been disturbing the U.S. administration for some time now. Washington has all along opposed West German reactor sales to Brazil on the grounds that Brazil might seek to make a bomb, and more recently the CIA, warning of Brazil's plans to do so, has also predicted that Argentina would base its own arsenal by 1984. Recently, too, in the wake of reports that Pakistan was about to produce a nuclear bomb, Carter ordered increased CIA surveillance in Latin America.

What the agency calls the "herklike" dangers involved there are partly in the fact that at least 12 countries in the Latin region—from Mexico to the north to Argentina in the south—have asserted, and in many cases highly charged, territorial claims against neighbors. The most explosive may be that between Argentina and Chile. U.S. intelligence sources say Argentina was only nine hours away from attacking Chile last December over three disputed is-

lands and territorial waters near the southern tip of South America and national rights in the Cape Horn area.

"Once Brazil and Argentina have nuclear weapons then Chile and Peru will press very hard to get them. And all the other nations in the area will try to follow," warns the Council on Hemispheric Affairs.

But there is also danger in the instability of many governments in the region. At present only Mexico, Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic and Ecuador among the 20 Central and South American countries have popularly elected civilian governments. Colombia and Venezuela are rife with rumors of military coups. And of the many military dictatorships still there in Brazil, Chile and Paraguay would be considered relatively benign.

A further problem is that the United States' record of ruthless economic and political exploitation in the region has weakened its ability to steer governments away from the nuclear path. "There's a general belief that the American want us to keep nuclear weapons out of Latin America, but that they can continue to dominate the economy of poor countries," said one source at the Organization of American States, the group that lobbies governments in South and North America. And that makes independent-minded administrators even more determined to get there.

Was Uncle Sam caught in the act?

To most people in the West it seemed entirely appropriate that the occasion on which hundreds of thousands of people poured onto the streets of Tehran last week in the biggest demonstration since the Shah left should have been the first day of the 15th century of the Moslem calendar. Yet the intensity of the mass rallies in the United States displayed by the followers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, on this and other occasions, cannot be dismissed as the most reverent echo of medievalism. Some of the accusations by the students about religious abuse by the United States embassy raise genuine questions about what the Americans were up to in Iran.

Of course many of the students' revelations—the last-minute shredding of documents by embassy staff; the discovery of laser-printing equipment and direct fax lines to the CIA—can probably be dismissed. But neither of worse than are part and parcel of diplomatic practice.

But among comment that the students and they found, and which they showed to the foreign press, were two sets of copies

of large handwritten notes and letters, allegedly sent by the Americans for spring elections and out of Iran. So the Bush administration has offered no explanation. There was talk of phone-tapping equipment so sophisticated as to be able to monitor telephone calls anywhere in Tehran. And in one of the embassy's offices the students said they found exactly sophisticated bagging devices fixed to curtain rods and hidden by curtains. There were also the rumors of large-scale dollars and deutsche marks that a mysterious Iranian was said to have brought in a few weeks before the student take-over.

President Jimmy Carter entered the White House on his 60th birthday in a reaction to the Watergate era of bagging and telephone tapping. So is this type of equipment normal in American embassies, or was there a special case? And if it was a special case, why was it one?

The Americans they claim that since the CIA got it disastrously wrong in being so keen of the impending fall of the Shah, it was doubly important for the U.S. to know what was going on after the revolution. But now that they have been found out, they can hardly deny that at least some of the equipment in the Tehran embassy were highly dubious.

Moreover, the evidence from the dis-

Iran

'To the last drop of blood'

A high-ranking, and the premier of one Moslem scholar, the dawn of last week of Iran's 15th century would mark the beginning of an era of "Islamic renaissance and unity after a century of painful servitude." Within hours that prayer had been answered more explosively than its offer could ever have intended. First, several dozen men from an obscure fundamentalist sect armed with automatic rifles, guns, swords and daggers blasted their way into the Grand Mosque of Mecca, taking hostage at least 50 ver-

gionists and seeking to install one of their number as Mullah (Messiah). Then 20,000 Pakistani soldiers, followed by rumors that the mosque incident was the work of "Americans and Zionists," stormed the United States embassy in Islamabad, killing two and trapping the rest of the staff in the basement as they gutted the building. Other mobs attacked British and U.S. diplomatic missions in two other cities.

Meanwhile in Tehran, hundreds of thousands of followers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini were marching the streets near the U.S. embassy where students were beginning the third week of their hostage-taking, to mark the start of the holy month of Moharram.

"The largest anti-shah demonstration and the turning point in the revolution occurred a year ago at the beginning of Moharram, the month of mourning which commemorates the martyrdom of the first Imam (the prophet Muhammad's grandson) and all other Muslims who have died for their faith."

Tehran demonstrations: mournful, defiant



ments produced by the students, which all sides agree are genuine, gives collectively that the U.S. government was at least considering the possibility of allowing the Shah into the U.S. before he was known to be ill. Not only this, but the state department had even begun to prepare the way by planning the Shah's arrival at the pressure Carter was under from the Shah's friends.

Other points strike the reporter who has worked in Tehran in recent weeks. The chief one is that it is now hard to avoid the conclusion that Shah's Shah's arrival was one of the most devilish or-

ganizations of modern times. It was impossible not to be shocked by the hundreds of color photographs of tortured and dead people which were found in Swiss headquarters and produced by the students. It was for instance a routine procedure to torture children in the Iran's parents' tale.

It is true that in the last months, under pressure from Carter, the Shah moved to end the worst excesses of Savak. But that was too little too late. It is easy to dismiss what is going on in Iran today as mass hysteria. It is partly that, but there is a great deal more to it. See Mackay



Khomeini's Islamic party rallies against

AP/WIDE WORLD



to mourn the dead of last year's revolution against the shah, and demonstrate their defiance of the United States.

In fact, apart from a skirmish later at the U.S. consulate in Columbia, the crisis reaction miserably stopped there. But it took Pakistan President Zia-ul-Haq's troops five hours to clear the embassy in Islamabad (300 staff and relatives were later flown home to the U.S.) and Saudi security forces in the end decided to starve the remaining seizers from the outskirts of the mosque. They did manage to free the captives but some reports said the loss of life was considerable.

There was no relief, however, for the 49 Americans left in the hands of the Tehran students at the weekend after 11 of their colleagues and a further five

Hostage Joseph Vincent is welcomed home, between Islam and the infidel?

non-Americans had been set free. The Iranians made no bones about the fact that they would be put on trial as spies and executed if found guilty. And the U.S. response was to warn unequivocally that the safety of the hostages was the responsibility of the ayatollahs and that the consequences of harm to any one of them would be "extremely grave." Reinforcement of U.S. naval units off Iran and the calling of a meeting by President Jimmy Carter with the joint chiefs of staff on Saturday left little doubt about the direction in which the administration's thoughts were turning.

And as the hostages' third week in jeopardy ended, the White House could count on support for its stand that they must be set free from practically every country in the world. Canada, which had earlier condemned the Iranian action, was asking Commonwealth offi-

cials (meeting in London to discuss Zimbabwe Rhodesia) to take a common stand. Even Libya, which earlier had called for support of Iran at an Arab League meeting in Tunis, later said the students should free their prisoners, though it also said it would stand with Iran if the U.S. attacked. The Soviet Union, which denied accusations that it had encouraged the hostage-taking, called for restraint by both sides and, so the propaganda radio that beamed directly to Iran, for the hostages' release.

But neither threat nor diplomacy seemed to have the slightest effect on Khomeini, his foreign minister Abolhasan Bani-Sadr or the students. While Khomeini was calling on all Moslems and American blacks to "join us in this struggle between Islam and the infidel," Bani-Sadr was predicting that Iranians would defend themselves to the last drop of blood and the students

said warnings of retaliation would only make them try the hostages easier. At week's end, too, Bani-Sadr underscored his country's defiance by announcing that Iran would renounce its foreign debts—since they had been "borned by losers"—of more than \$25 billion (aloud they were later put at about half that figure).

Throughout the week the exchanges were on a rising note of bitterness—and none of the edge was lost in the telling. Media hype was a factor and administration spokesmen were not immune. State department spokesman Hocking Carter at one point charged that reporters were still calling the hostage-takers "students." He suggested as substitutes, "mob," "fanatics" or "gangsters."

The aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk, carrying the aircraft carriers, is on way the aircraft carriers from the aircraft



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Agas, as the 13 freed hostages were on their way home for an emotional Thanksgiving. White House spokesman Jody Powell was assuring their captors of brainstorming them. But that charge seemed to rest on the definition of the word brainstorming. The released hostages, while nervous for the sake of their colleagues, said that they had been reasonably treated, though tied up, and a spokesman for the Tehran students said the charge was "excessive."

"We have given them plenty of books and we show them films," he added. Back in the U.S., what many Iranian students were being shown was the door. Immigration service officials decreed that 700 of the total of 6,500 interviewed must leave. Some of the string was lost, however, when the service admitted that there could be as many as 200,000 Iranians in the U.S. and that the only way they were ever going to be able to get them was in the unlikely event that the Iranians volunteered themselves for the process.

Those who stayed nevertheless had to run the gauntlet of considerable publicity—first a refusal by a Long Island gas station owner, backed by two shut-ins, to fill the tanks of Iranian or Pakistani cars to a run on Iranian flags for burning. In several states there were reports that Iranians had been denied entry to schools.

The reason for the crisis, meanwhile, was telling the personal Barbara Walters that he had never wanted to come to the United States in the first place and could not wait to return to Moscow. It seemed a little late in the day to reveal the fact, especially as New York reports were shedding doubts on assertions that he need ever have come for treatment. The show's doctors added that he would probably be fit to go in two weeks. That, too, in the context of a situation getting rapidly out of hand, seemed likely to prove a case of wisdom after the event. David North from correspondents' files.

West Germany

One roof for two Germanies?

The man with the broadening eyes of a blond, above the hands of leading dignitaries and mirrored the ritual words of pleasure as he stepped from his jet at Köln-Wahn Airport near Bonn. Andrei Gromyko had arrived for a long-gestated visit to West Germany that for all its commonplace trappings, the Soviet foreign minister's visit last week was not a routine affair. It came at a moment of rising tension



Gromyko, left, and Schmidt, right, discuss the crisis that could change Europe.

between East and West and amid a flurry of rumors, some of them fanciful but others altogether plausible, of events that could change the face of Europe.

Still, Gromyko obeyed each turn in the slick clockwork of high-level diplomacy. After the usual small talk, the Soviet envoy went through the motions of raising a warning and making a formal offer. Moscow was alarmed about a NATO plan to install new nuclear-range nuclear weapons in West Germany and other West European countries. To head off the move it proposed immediate talks on cutting arms in the event that there was between East and West.

Once that formality was dispensed with (it drew the expected reply that Bonn had made up its mind to accept the NATO weapons), Gromyko and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt proceeded to the other tricky issues that have preoccupied Soviet and German diplomats in the past decade. It was only when they reached the last point on the agenda—relations between West and East Germany—that they abandoned diplomatic facade. Here was the hidden factor that could overwhelm all the others. Possibly it was the real reason for Gromyko's visit.

To be sure, Schmidt has confirmed his willingness to attend an inter-Ger-

man summit with West German chieftain Erich Honecker—the first such meeting since 1970, when Willy Brandt crossed the wall to break down some of the barriers between the two Germanies. And it would appear that only the timing remains to be settled. Elm has independently announced that the two Germanies may be anxious to go over the heads of their partners to strike a deal. Rumors even have it they might agree to mutual disarmament in a bid to defuse what has long been termed the "time bomb in the heart of Europe."

The Schmidt trip would tie in with a recent report in the London Observer that Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev had himself decided to aim at neutralizing and uniting the two Germanies over a period of 30 years. Offering official East European sources, the paper said Brezhnev's recent offer to pull 20,000 Soviet troops and 3,000 tanks out of East Germany was merely the first step in a plan that would eventually entail the withdrawal of West Germany from NATO and East Germany from the Warsaw Pact.

Moscow's motive is presumably to bury NATO and prevent a revival of militant German nationalism—not altogether unreasonable in view of Bonn's increased access to nuclear weapons and the prospect of the West German right, under the leadership of long-talking Franz Josef Strauss, winning next October's federal elections.

BERLIN



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BERLIN

West Germans reacted to the reported Brezhnev plan with a mixture of disbelief and reasoned doubt. But the idea of reunification is on everybody's lips—and not least upon those of Chancellor Schmidt. "The Germans of the West and East would like very much to lead themselves living under the same roof," he told a French radio station last week.

Schmidt may have spoken with next year's election in mind, to prove himself just as nationalist as the "Lederhosen Weiden." Franz Josef Strauss. As well, his words could have been intended to set a positive stage for his forthcoming summit with Hainkever: a meeting from which he could not afford to return empty-handed in an election year. But he may also have been sending a subtle warning to Washington and the Soviets who had thrust a seemingly insoluble dilemma upon Bonn with their plan to boost Europe's nuclear arsenal with new cruise and Pershing II missiles to counter the threat of Soviet SS-20 rockets. Bonn was told the missiles were needed to protect West Germany. Yet, because of their nature—they could strike deep into Soviet territory—they actually leave Germany more open to Soviet attack. In a nutshell, to protect itself Germany is being asked to become more vulnerable.

To make matters worse, Henry Kissinger, in one of his increasingly hawkish moments, informed a startled audience in Brussels recently that Europe should no longer count on Washington to come to its defense with nuclear weapons. Kissinger's aim was to start European maneuvering for the new missiles, and to some extent he succeeded. But the doubts he sowed about the American nuclear umbrella have also prompted some European capitals to start searching elsewhere for solutions.

Bonn is one of them. Although it has finally agreed to accept the missiles the final decision is to be taken in Brussels next December. The Soviet response withdrawn offer and Brezhnev's reported move on German reunification have persuaded it that there is much to be gained by keeping its options open.

At the very least Schmidt will strive for better relations with East Germany and possibly request the two Germanys reduce their armies and armaments. At the most, if Bonn's confidence in American guarantees were to waver further and Moscow took to warning the promise of German reunification with enough conviction, West Germany could take the step that West strategists have always seen as the bottom-line possibility—and nightmare it could turn toward Moscow. ☐

Peter Lennox

U.S.A.

Arms and the man: an anxious wait



By Ian Loughlin

While the situation in Iran has held President Jimmy Carter's attention in the past few weeks, his staff still has found time to prosecute a measure that could have even more impact on him personally, and on the world, in the long run: the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT II) with the Soviet Union. Signed with great fanfare in Vienna by Carter and President Leonid Brezhnev last June after seven years of negotiations, SALT II has yet to be ratified by the Senate. But last week the Senate foreign relations committee finally tabled its version (SSS panel) report on the treaty and the Senate is to begin debating it in December with a vote probable early next year. While the committee endorsed the treaty, as did its 13 members dissatisfied and the final outcome is much in doubt.

SALT II was signed in 1979 and reported in 1977 but has been in limbo ever since. It was the subject of a major report in the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Black parts and Church needed bond

The balance from the deficit of SALT II would be widespread. It would be politically damaging for Carter, because it would buttress the arguments of his opponents—namely Senator Ted Kennedy—who think he is incapable of governing the nation. Crucially, one of the Senate's pushing for ratification of the treaty and, indirectly, helping Carter (in Kennedy). On a broader front, defeat could plunge the world back into the Cold War and speed up the already worrisome shift from race.

Nonetheless, the treaty has been attacked from all sides. The hawk group that the U.S. was outgunned by the Soviets and that ratification of SALT II would leave the country vulnerable to nuclear attack in the 1980s. The doves complain that the treaty doesn't go far enough and point out that it actually allows each side to increase its stockpile of ballistic missiles. Both hawks and doves were alarmed by the Cuba issue and held SALT II hostage until the Soviets promised to keep the Soviet troops in

week (October 15, 1979).

One reliable count (by the office of California Senator Alan Cranston, the Democratic whip) gives the treaty the firm support of 54 senators. Another 26 are leaning toward it for a total of 80 out of 100. But that isn't enough. Treaty requires the support of two-thirds of the Senate—67 senators—for ratification.

Given the circumstances, it might seem prudent to delay the Senate vote. Carter, however, has little choice but to press ahead. Each delay brings the doves closer to the 1980 elections and such key SALT proponents as Idaho Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee, face stiff conservative challenges for their Senate seats and want to get as much distance as possible between the vote and their own re-election bids. The leading SALT foe, Howard Baker, the Republican leader in the Senate, would like to get SALT out of the way so that he can concentrate on his presidential campaign bid.

So Carter cannot stall. Leading the lobbying effort on his behalf will be White House counsel Lloyd Cutler, a blue-chip Washington lawyer whose previous assignment was negotiation of the East Coast fishing treaty with Canada. That treaty, too, awaits Senate ratification and will not be acted on until after SALT is dealt with. Cutler's targets include Ohio Senator John Glenn, the former astronaut, who is withholding his support. Glenn doubts that the U.S. can verify Soviet compliance in spite of its spy satellites and other electronic devices and, because of his professional expertise in the field, Glenn will take other senators with him.

The White House is also relying on the support of its NATO allies. Last month in Ottawa, at a meeting of the North Atlantic Assembly, legislators from the NATO countries voted unanimously in favor of SALT, albeit with 38 abstentions among the 389 delegates present. (All six Canadian delegates present voted in favor of the treaty.) Afterward, one of the treaty's strongest supporters, British Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, is a fierce opponent of SALT, charged that the proceedings had been "rigged" and complained of "manipulation" by Carter and Cutler.

The assembly's vote gave SALT a much-needed boost. More help could come from the annual meeting of NATO defense ministers, scheduled for mid-December in Brussels. But in the end only the Senate vote counts. SALT supporters say they will get the necessary two-thirds majority, but only if there is a "clean" vote for or against the treaty. It should, not a vote to send it back to committee or otherwise derail it. Carter—and the world—will be watching anxiously in the coming weeks. ☐

Slim pickings for the ranks

The abolition of conscription, followed by the burning of thousands of draft cards across the United States at the height of the anti-Vietnam War fever, was revealed last week to have had an unexpected sequel. Nearly 13,000 of the "volunteers" who joined up over the past two years were said to have done so as a result of fraud, cheating and cover-ups. As a result, more than 400 recruits have been fired and the service's already undermanned ranks may be further thinned.

How that situation came about was described in the Senate's annual service manpower subcommittee, which called for a full report from Secretary of the Army Alfred Alexander. The man who headed a six-month investigation of the scandal, Brigadier-General David Connolly, said that most of the "re-



Connolly (right) and army recruits cover-ups

recruits" involved involved falsification of service records—non-high school grads were being accepted as graduates. There had been a good deal of cheating in entrance exams. But there had also been some serious infringements in some instances police records had been tampered with and some recruits told that the army wasn't interested in "the little details" that he had jumped out of a window while high on LSD.

The army is notifying commanding officers of those who have been illegally inducted and giving them the option of keeping the soldiers. Many may choose to do just that, for despite a \$20-million publicly drive, the army's low pay and lack of fringe benefits make it a less attractive career than industry and it came up 16,000 recruits short in the fiscal year ended Sept. 30.

Indeed, army recruiters say the malpractice grew out of intense pressures "from the top" to meet monthly quotas. But that is not what those at the top say. "No one is forced to cheat in order to recruit for the army," claims Connolly. The reasons for malpractice, he says, vary widely. Some recruiters generally want to give a "break" to an unqualified applicant by "helping" him or her, some simply lack the courage to say that they did all they could by the book and were unable to attract a sufficient number of enlistees, some want to take an easy way around the hard work, and some want the rewards that come from success and recognition, even if they are earned illegally.

The general's reasoning was mirrored with some cynicism by the committee. Connolly not only backs the recruiting investigation but is also deputy commanding general for the army recruiting command. Said Senator Sam Nunn, the chairman: "What we have here is the people at the top looking at allegations of pressures from the top. It would be a historic occasion if that were found." The law of averages, however, if not history, may be an the investigators' side. According to Nunn there is evidence of even greater offenses in the navy and marines. Catherine Fox



If I told my kids I wouldn't make rockers, but if they ever needed a singer," says **Brenda Beecy**, 35. Her offer was accepted by the three Beecy children, who soon had their mother starring in a round of classroom concerts all across Ontario. That led to an unlikely duo-duo hit, *The Black Purcell's Song*, and a children's album, *Christy's Chick*. Though she calls herself "a mom and a singer," Beecy's shrewish roots were grown in Northern Ireland where she grew up as part of a singing clan which included her brothers **George** and **Will** (now of *The Irish Rovers*). "My father used to have to drag Will on stage," recalls Beecy, who had long killing in Ireland's answer to *Shirley Temple*.

There is nobody named Buddy in the Cape Breton quintet **Buddy and the Boys**. "Buddy is a form of greeting. It's handy if you don't know somebody's name," says lead singer **Mike MacDonald**. The band made its first album, *Buddy*, two years ago and it is finally hitting the airwaves with songs such as *Working at the Woods Manager's Treasure House*. This fall they released a single called *Put Your Food in the Dish* they contend that "MacDonald's will do it all to put it" and "the boys" are fast gaining a reputation as social activists. "We're involved in the general morality of who's getting screwed and who isn't," says "Buddy" MacDonald.

Nobody ever said that being a teen idol would be easy, as 19-year-old **Chris Makepeace** is discovering. Makepeace, who played a sensitive loner in the runaway summer-camp hit *Matilda*, is still getting anonymous phone calls from congenial dieters and letters with the urgent message, "I love you." Since he has spent most of this year working on two films, *My Bodyguard* and *The Last Chair*, Makepeace hasn't had much time to try out his preferred sex appeal. In fact, he really prefers straight acting. **Cheryl Laine** is his favorite actress and he wouldn't mind modeling his own image after *Cint Eriksen*. "I'd like to be like him, but I know I can't. For one thing, I'd rather go to sleep a lot." In the meantime, Makepeace is content to return to his Grade 10 course of studies at Jarrow Collegiate Institute in Toronto.

They really are family. And that's why there is no one **Stacy Sledge**—rather, three or four depending on the number of maternity and virgins. Last week, **Joel**, **Kathie** and **Kim**, of the Philadel-



PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

delphia Sledge family, opened at the Royal York Imperial Room in Toronto. It was a momentous occasion for the sisters and for the 50-year-old nightclub which had not yet entered a disco crowd. Not even the outrageous performance of female impersonator **Grace**

Joel, Kathie and Kim Sledge: platinum sleazebloods with a taste for chicken

Powell in 1973 has the Imperial Room's regal splendor withstood so much gyrating and waving of rapiers. The sisters sang every song from their platinum album, *We Are Family*, and ran through some devastating impersonations of such folks as **Diana Ross**, **Billy Holiday**, **Cher** and the **Andreas Sisters**. **Mama Kin Sledge**, who chaperons her lovely daughters, had only one disparaging word about the group's peaking on the road, a sidekick. "There isn't any home life. Why, I looked into my kitchen the other day, and it had become an alien place."

Anecdotically, **Shelia Ahmed** (Zoh) **Yamani** believes he has it made in the shade. "I am a Caterer with a Leo ascendant and a Leo moon. It's unique," says the 49-year-old Saudi oil heir, who is said to consult his horoscope before making any major decision. Recently in Washington, Yamani claimed to have been seeking star-advise that would help his American friends. "You must start gas rationing with coupons—raising prices, improving oilquels, encouraging public transportation and producing an electric car," he said with all the clarity of professional astrologer **Jason Dixon**.

If we'd up with all of that equality crap," snarled **James Brown**, 31, at the Chicago International Film Festival where *L'Adolescent*, his second film as a director, received its North American premiere. No wonder Brown wastes little time pondering the prob-

lems of feminist film-making—she is playing with the big boys and contends that financing has nothing to do with sex. This week Brown began acting in *Four Thicker Is No Longer Valid*, a film version of the *Bessie Grey* novel set in Montreal and Paris. She plays a belle-dieu madam opposite **Richard Mille**, who plays a character afflicted by impotence. Will Brown rectify Harris' saggling virility? "If it is impotence," she purrs, "I don't think even I could do anything about it."

When I was growing up people would ask me if I was going to be an actress like my sister and I would always say "No," says **Kenny Kidder**, 36, whose sister **Margaret**, 33, rose to the arms of **Christopher Penn** in *Repentance*. The younger Kidder proceeded to try a variety of careers, culminating in a job as a cook in a British Columbia logging camp. With her major claim to fame being the ability to cook the purest grilled cheese sandwich for \$5, she decided to go to university. There she broke down on her childhood love and studied theater. This January, Kidder makes her debut in an episode of CBC TV's *The Great Inland Drive*. Her next project looks to involve both Kidder sisters. **Margot** owns the rights to **Margaret Atwood's** helixian novel *Lady Oracle* and it is being scripted with parts for the older and younger versions of the heroine.

In 1972, **Michael Garsely** of Saint John, N.B., flew to Vienna to study musical composition and conducting at the academy of music. One of his professors there turned out to be **Thomas Glesne**, director of the *Warren Creek Boys*. Under his tutelage, just more than four years later, Garsely himself became one of the boys—the first non-Austrian chieftain in the ensemble's 481-year history. In January, Garsely, 26, will be bringing his 24 vocal 10-to-14-year-olds on a tour of Canada and the U.S., starting in Fairbanks, Alaska, and winding up in March in St. John's, Newfoundland. Last year the choirboys were prevented from singing in public because of an obscure Austrian child-labor law. This year they may face quite a different problem. "Laryngitis," says Garsely hoarsely. "It's been going around."

Anyway **Warhol** admits to an incurable mental disease. "I have to go out every night," he says, describing the symptoms. "If I stay at home see what I start spreading: cancer to my dog." After achieving celebrity status nearly 20 years ago with his pop art paintings,



Warhol has become a fixture in New York's café society and if you are rich, famous or simply stalling he'll hover nearby with a pocket-sized camera and tape recorder.

Warhol has become a fixture in New York's café society and if you are rich, famous or simply stalling he'll hover nearby with a pocket-sized camera and tape recorder. The conversation might end up in Warhol's favorite magazine. "I started so I could be invited to more parties," he explains. Since photos of a new coffee-table book, *Andy Warhol's Repentance*. It's loaded with candid shots

Kidder: perfect grilled cheeseburgers

of hidden such as **Rayman Capote** (having his face lift operation), **Elaine Jagger** (showing her armpits) and **Margaret Trudeau** (at Studio 54). While Warhol lives his life as a celebrity gossip, he is still fascinated by the Campbell's soup can that made him famous. Only now he favors "the big family-sized can."

Edited by **Marsha Boettcher**



PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

It's violent and catching

By Eric Soory

Rugby—disgust, violence—A popular bumper sticker

It was Australia versus Wales last summer at the Sidney Cricket Grounds before 41,362 spectators. The ball was tossed into the scrum and the grunting and straining mass of players erupted in a flurry of punches. When it was over, Graham Price, a Welsh player whose jaw had been badly broken by one of the flying punches, said only, "You give a little, you take a little."

Rugby football. It has been labelled the violence machine, team sport—no pads or other protection, just the strength and agility of one body against another, no ultra-specialization, offense and defense on at the same time, no stoppages in play, just continuous, uncompromising action. Combining aspects of soccer and North American football, rugby is a total game. It started on the playing field of Rugby School, England, in 1863, but today the

game is finding unprecedented popularity among Canadians from Vancouver to Newfoundland.

It developed from the common origins of the worldwide family of foot and ball games in the past century. Soccer has progressed to be the most popular, Gaelic football and Australian Rules developed in one direction, while Rugby Union (the worldwide amateur game) and its later professional offshoot, Rugby League, took form in another. U.S. and Canadian gridiron football evolved as a North American variant.

Rugby has traditionally been strong in British Columbia, with its September-to-April season, and has been played there since before the turn of the century. The James Bay Athletic Association in Victoria will celebrate its centenary in 1985. But the game has seen a dramatic increase in participation in Canada this decade. From 118 amateur clubs and just more than 5,000 players in 1972, there are now 180 clubs and

Canadian players in U.S. quelling

almost 10,000 players across the country. An additional 10,000 Canadian schoolboys now play, and there are more than 300 high-school teams in Ontario alone. The game continues to be strongest in B.C. with 61 clubs, but there are now four clubs in Newfoundland, a founding club in P.E.I. and a dozen in Nova Scotia. Alberta and Ontario see the main growth areas having 22 and 53 affiliated clubs respectively.

There is a color and mood to this game that isn't quite found elsewhere. Rugby prides itself on its seconding aspect—after the game, its one-handed veteran Geoff Edwards, a former Canadian International, put it: "In which other game can you knock the living daylight out of your opposite number and then get together with him over a few beers?"

This "third half," as it is known, is an integral part of the rugby ethos. It is therefore not surprising that breweries are the major sponsors of the game and oceans of beer are quaffed after the final whistle.

Internationally, Canada is ranked among second tier nations along with Argentina, Japan, Italy, Romania, the Soviet Union and the U.S. Included in the first ranking are New Zealand, France, Wales, Australia, England, Ireland, Scotland and South Africa. The Canadian national team recently returned from a short tour to Great Britain and France and their results reflected the progress the national team has made over the past few years. The only defeat was in the traditionally strong Cardiff, Wales, club side and to the French national team.

Individually, several Canadians are being recognized among the leading players of the game at the international level. The second-year pairing of Hans de Goede and Bo Hradson from B.C. is as good as any tandem in the rugby world. Another B.C. player, 20-year-old Gary Grant of Victoria, was paid the highest compliment by Henri Garcia, officer of C.Equipe de Paris, who wrote that Grant could play for any national club side in the world.

And it is not at the top level where rugby is at its crossroads. The feeling of national pride comes heavily into play and the true amateur rugby player is becoming a museum relic as topflight players receive inflated expense cheques and other handouts. But in Canada the game is healthy and the future ray. The All Blacks of New Zealand will confront Canada in Vancouver next year and the Welsh national team has chosen to play Canada, again in B.C., as part of its customary winter tour. And at the club and schoolboy level, each year more and more "bunkers" will be "popped up" in various across the country. ☐



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Theatre Forward to fame —on her knees



By Mark Gzernicki

It happens to the best of us. Television's ultimate accolade, the inability of its audience to distinguish illusion from reality, has been bestowed on Viola Leger. "People have stopped on the street because they recognize me from the show and ask me, 'Are you the real Sagouni?'" The show is CBC's French-language serialization of the immensely popular stage play *La Sagouni*, eight years ago Leger started scrubbing floors in the title (and only) role of an Audouin character and now, more than 100 performances later, destiny is still leading her by the nose. The English stage version of *La Sagouni* has opened—again starring Viola Leger—in Montreal and Toronto to braves from audiences and critics.

It is one reason these and the play's author, Governor-General's Award-winner Antoine Maillet, has said that as long as Leger wants the part, so one will play it. Largely due to her interpretations of the role, La Sagouni has become a cult figure in millions, when the CBC series was running. "If there was a conflict with the show they once cancelled bongo games," Leger laughs. "In some places on the Saturday before Easter they postponed the evening mass." She doesn't blush at the prospect of Sagounism spreading to the rest of Canada. "I want to offer

La Sagouni: "You gotta know yer place"

her to all Canadians—I'm sure they'd love to meet her. La Sagouni is a bawdy being just like I'm here."

Who is La Sagouni anyway? In essence roughly seven a dirty woman, one who does mental labor, and what amounts for her "two-wind popularity." The play consists of five monologues during which she struts poverty's own charms—loopy job, bad health, few social status, political disenfranchisement, early death—with insight and humor, as Leger says, "I'm not playing her to be a comic figure, but she has so much common sense that she's funny." Topics for the times, certainly, but instead of preaching stage revolution, La Sagouni dispenses homely wisdom: "You gotta know how to keep yer place."

There is more to this show than just play, however, La Sagouni, Leger and Maillet are all Academics, and La Sagouni's hilarious confrontation with the union-buster over her nationality as she in turn rejects the label American, French, Canadian and Quebecois reflects the play's overall preoccupation with preserving the rights and traditions of an unrecognized and dying cultural minority. Her appeal is Quebec in obvious and there is also, inevitably, an Audouin separatist movement, but Leger displays interest in La Sagouni

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as a political spokeswoman. "It's funny how, until just a few years ago, even to us Québécois, 'revolver' was a pejorative term, and saw the Acadian language has become a precious commodity. But being an Acadian is a way of life, a philosophy—I feel that political arguments may destroy that special Acadian quality," she embodies that special quality both in physical appearance and in her accent is rich, whether she is speaking French or perfect English, marks her speech as well, Acadian. Léger's performance is a masterful piece of acting: an object lesson in su-

ccess manipulation. As she points out, "The play looks like a monologue but it's actually a dialogue—the audience is a partner, not just a witness in rehearsal I feel like Don Quixote, constantly addressing someone who isn't there." Understandably she feels uncomfortable playing *La Sagouine* in large theatres not just because of problems with projection but because convenient interruptions by the audience risk so easily destroy the concentration she has to maintain alone onstage for two hours.

The success of *La Sagouine* was a re-

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Léger, conceived bingo, and even more

elation to Léger but she was not unprepared for it. Born in Moncton, she taught high school in New Brunswick from 1967 to 1986 and was actively involved in drama clubs—but then decided to explore theatre more seriously. In 1991 she was studying acting in Paris when Mullier, a lifelong friend, contacted her to play the role. Initially, just a promotional idea for Mullier's book of the same name, the play has been performed in French across Canada and in all the francophone countries of Europe as well as being televised and put on research. Léger is confident, however, that she can break the brandish *La Sagouine* has worked on her audience transfer to her identification with the character is concerned. There have actually been periods when she is not *La Sagouine*, and she has found time to appear in other plays, including *More Chaudron* and *Michel Garneau's* *Quatre à Quatre*. Currently, artist-in-residence at the University of Montreal, she plans to direct a play there next term. Mind you, next fall she embarks upon again on a cross-country tour as *La Sagouine*, in English.

Vivid Léger feels in harmony with her destiny, certain that she will conquer whatever confronts her—ideally, like the legendary stars of early Broadway and Hollywood, she would like complete control over the plays in which she chooses to act. If she continues to turn in performances such as *La Sagouine*, she should have no problem getting what she wants in route to becoming a grande dame of the theatre. The part she would most like to play? *Norther Courage*, of course. ☺

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Refining the China connection

By Thomas Hopkins
and Barbara Robson

Dining a 10-course banquet at a restaurant in Toronto's sprawling Chinatown, Nadine Walker gazed at the pale chicken feet resting in a bowl of soup. "They looked like a bunch of little white hands," she recalls. But as Chinese friends looked on, pride and a spirit of gastronomic adventure occupied her mind. She nibbled at the claws and found them, surprisingly, good. That was two years ago, when Walker and her Goanatal friends explored authentic regional Chinese cuisine by closing their eyes and pointing at menus. Now she shops in cluttered Chinese grocers where baskets of exotic vegetables crowd the shelves. She shops and warms the delicacies and her husband, John, cooks the full-course meals. The two are typical of a growing cadre of Canadians whose palates crave the seafood sensations of the East.

They moved into Pat's Gourmet, a two-year-old establishment in Fredericton that has earned a small but substantial reputation throughout the Maritimes for its fiery Szechuan (pronounced seh-choo) and more subtly flavored Cantonese dishes. They gaze for a table at Toronto's Kowloon Glen Bazaar, which serves steamed rice pastries with richly textured fillings (loosely translated, din sum means to point to your culinary "heart's delight"). In Vancouver, where vibrant flourishes in the new 190 Chinese restaurants, they taste television sets for cooking lessons from Hong Kong instructor and Vancouver chef Stephen Yan.

"Until recently the pride and variety of true Chinese cooking hasn't been respected," says Yan. For generations, North Americans expected little more than the No. 4 special, was not soup, chicken, chow mein, fried rice and a fortune cookie. Now, only rarely does one hear aficionados in Toronto speak of "Chinese food" or "Chinese restaurants," says Marty Bodnar, an 28-year-old Chinese food writer, Szechuan cuisine, Cantonese cooking, Hunan style have become the standard terms of reference used by appar-



Walker and din sum waitress Ivy Jau at Toronto's Treasure Restaurant. Food aficionados, heart's delight, \$10 dishes

ently exotic culinary philosophies.

The flowering of Chinese cuisine in Canada can be traced to new immigration patterns in the late 1960s, when most immigrants were and the 1987 race in Hong Kong brought 8,570 Chinese to Canada in that year alone. Prior to this influx, the population in Canada's small Chinatowns consisted largely of single men. "The predominantly male status of non-Chinese patrons and the relatively tiny Chinese population allowed the cuisine to simplify," says Bodnar. But with the new wave came chefs and more restaurants, raising the standard of cooking for Chinese and non-Chinese alike.

The turning point in North America's popular interest in sociology was the 1992 Nixon visit to China. The new look East was reflected in fashions, furniture design and the appearance of the wok, the basic Chinese cooking utensil, in department stores everywhere. Catching up this year, Gourmet magazine, the glossy primer for the competitive dinner-party set, began monthly features on the basics of Chinese cuisine, accompanied by literary excursions into the restaurants of Hong Kong and the streets of New York's Chinatown.

In major Canadian centers such as Vancouver (with an estimated Chinese population of 80,000) and Toronto (where the community numbers about

90,000) the best of the kitchens produce cooking that rivals with the finest in the world. With increasing competition—more than 330 new restaurants have opened since 1976, bringing the total at least to more than 1,500—six basic styles have evolved.

Best known and still most numerous are the Sino-Canadian operations, often Mom and Pop businesses that continue to serve what an older generation of Chinese (and non-Chinese) want to eat. Also on the basic level are noodle houses, usually identifiable by steaming cauldrons of water in the front window. They serve Chinese home-style cooking based on quick-cooked bowls of noodles and vegetables. Further up the scale are the Cantonese restaurants (southern cooking based on rice and a wide variety of ingredients) which increasingly battle for excellence and a slice of the market. Various types of northern and western cooking are found in Szechuan- and Peking-style restaurants, where spicy dishes rely more on meat and wheat as staples. Banquet houses, specializing in multi-course meals, often creatively combine the styles of the north and the south. And finally there are the dim sum houses where basket-laden trolleys may be wheeled about, allowing patrons to choose their "heart's delight."

In large cities, the emergence of such diversity has allowed many workers, such as Vancouver housewives Bob Thora and Lew Mitchell, to count on their favorites at lunchtime. Both have been eating din sum for three years

"You're never going to get a variety of tastes like this in a steak house," says Mitchell, gesturing at the buffet-style meal, empty dishes on their table at Ming's restaurant. In Winnipeg, Andrew Alimovsk, occasional restaurant reviewer for *The Winnipeg Tribune*, says "The old monotonous-gluten-ridden cheap meat and bean-sprout rooftop masquerading as Cantonese cuisine is slowly being replaced by authentic regional cuisines." But local's most soup is expensive, hard to find and has to be ordered in advance. And what is difficult in Winnipeg is often impossible in the Maritimes. Says Dalhousie University Professor Tui Laidlaw: "When I really want to eat Chinese food, I go to Boston or Toronto or New York. Nobody's got told me about a great little restaurant in Moncton or anywhere else." Laidlaw and her friend, landscape John Wiegand, often combine a passion for Vladimir Horowitz with their enthusiasm for dim sum, cooking by taking music and food excursions. On one memorable trip to Toronto they managed a Horowitz concert and three restaurants in their first night.

As the food improves, however, the restaurant decor largely remains rooted in the arbutus and mandarin kitchen of



Yan: new respect, old habits and kitchen, a blend of trendy, culinary philosophies

another age and menu continues to read like a culinary War and Peace. Still, for some, the comparative insignificance of dining Chinese is unimportant. "I like to go out to eat, to eat, not to get the ambience, the candles," says Brigitte Allan of Toronto. "And I like the price. A dinner for two rarely costs more than \$30."

But even as the splendid variety of Chinese food is opening for Canadians, clouds are gathering. Historically, in "the dirty old times," Chinese were relegated to the lowly occupations of cooks and laundrymen. The stigma remains. Today Chinese-Canadian children are asked to be doctors and lawyers, not restaurant owners. Escaping from the kitchen after a 16-hour day Danny Yang, a Taipei-trained chef and creator of one of the best Peking duck banquets on the Pacific coast, says emphatically: "I don't want my sons to do this." All too soon Canadians may find that, having developed refined tastes, they will be unable to find chefs to satisfy them.

With five from Four (Cantonese) in Windsor and Lou Macdonald in Halifax

A pen can write a signature, or be one.



Targa 1985

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A simple path to cultural improvement: cut the unholy mess of giving grants

By Barbara Arnold

Everyone who worked for him says Terry Sabatini minister David MacDonald is the most decent human being you could hope to meet. Ottawa writer Susan Gwyn writing about him in *Saturday Night* said he was "the best-loved man in Parliament" and, further, that he "takes like a good deal in a naughty world." I had planned to attend a luncheon held for him last November in Toronto, but was reluctant to see a living good deed having to wrestle with chicken à la king.

When confronted by a man like MacDonald I prefer to judge him by his ideas and actions, not that a picture isn't occasionally worth a thousand words. For example, photos of MacDonald in a perfectly hideous yellow zootie with rapping, zapping, and raving at 6 a.m. do tell us something about the man. Nevertheless, 6 a.m. starts, MacDonald has very thick time these days. He is secretary of state, chairman of the special affairs committee, minister of communications and so on. MacDonald will have to rely on his staff, take a part of mine from podium papers, shut out of thing. This may explain the curious combination of very impressive ideas and perfectly dreadful ones coming out under MacDonald's imprimatur—particularly in the area of cultural policy, which is everyone's business, is undergoing a thorough review by the Tories. Take a look at his cultural policy.

September, 1979: MacDonald creates a CRTC task force to eliminate on-air stereotyping in the broadcast media. (Well, female stereotyping, since all we know of the "women's public" says as it is women out from the general public at all but from the feminist movement.) MacDonald says the government does not want to tell advertisers or programmers what to say but when their messages are insulting to one-half of the population that is a time for the government to bring the problem out into the open.

Well, hold on. Editorial content

whether in advertising or programming, is certainly not the government's business. All a government should do is eliminate factual misrepresentations in advertising. Period. It is up to the writer, director or painter to depict men, women or known as they are then—not as a task force sees them. Speaking of commercials, it is perfectly true that women do not usually go bankrupt over a man-to-pal—but men over a lawn mower. But the government appointed to MacDonald's task force couldn't care less about reality—they



just want a different story. In their silly new world, men go bankrupt over dish towels and women salivate at the sight of power tools.

October, 1979: MacDonald on Canadian TV—encourage export sales. He recognizes that programs purchased by U.S. or British television are bound to be our best efforts. He's thinking about incentives for export sales. Good idea. As well, MacDonald, quite rightly, is questioning the 60-per-cent Canadian content quota that has inflicted all these dreary cheapie cult shows on us. But wait. Now he's missing about a new policy that gives station owners quotas for audience time in to Canadian shows. Will he realize that a quota is a quota is a quota and is spite of all the regulations' best rules Canadian will still tune into U.S. programs because they have 18 times the budgets to do the same programs as we do? Rewarding exports is the most economical way to help Canadian viewers get more good Canadian programming.



November, 1979: MacDonald announces a revised publishing policy. His talk of a new "Canadian Cultural Industries Council" of which this publishing policy will be part is depressing since one suspects that those who don't have enough sensitivity to ideas and language to see the nightmare of this agency's own representatives without failure. Still, aspects of the publishing policy sound good. Reward publishers printing books that sell, rather than publishers that simply shove out a lot of Canadian titles that, just a moment. Among the poor sellers are some of our best writers. Robertson Davies and Ray Smith. Will Martin Galt sell as well as a pop-writer like Judy LaMarsh? Don't the minister understand that publishing is a more intricate process than most crippled industries? Which leads me to a few suggestions of my own on cultural policy.

The simplest way to create a flourishing climate for the arts seems to be to combine a minimum of regulation with a maximum of incentives. And the best incentive seems to be tax incentives for producers (everyone who publishes a book, sells up a TV station, writes, sings and so on) and consumers (everyone who goes out and buys a Canadian book, sees a Canadian film, etc.). Let's make selling grants to artists and producers. The minute you have a grant program you have to formulate criteria and you get into an unholy mess.

Of course the minister will have problems with this approach. The culture business is made up of strong lobbies. They will not give up their subsidies anytime easily. If the minister is interested in listening to alternate voices and truly concerned about fostering the arts he might continue on the course he began with the elimination of Discovery Train, Canada Week and other horrors, and get rid of the Grant Culture. Then we may begin to see a real Canadian renaissance. We have the talent and resources to produce it. Only the climate is cloudy.



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retiree in age-language research," says Burroughs. "At first the whole field was so new and exciting we all said, 'It looks like language, it must be language.' Now people are being a bit more careful in their approach."

Even though Terrace didn't achieve the kind of age-to-max communication he had hoped for, he admits he had some good times with Nim, who has returned to his workplace at the Galois Institute for Primate Studies. "I went down to see him when he was five years old and he jumped up and down and hugged me. Boy, was he glad I was there," recalls Terrace. And that, as any proud parent knows, is at least as rewarding as a well-contrived sentence.

Rita Christopher

The iceman cometh

When the William Carson stayed below the sea early on that June 3 morning in 1977, her lights stayed on, twinkling below the water like the stars above in the clear but bright night sky. As the clear water dis-

The William Carson: bewitched survivors, dire isolation, Newfoundland's challenge



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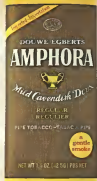
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tude unimaginable by people who have not experienced them. The ideal pursuit of the province is still accessible through the long winters, by road or air. But both routes are subject to the whims of weather. In Nanaimo, a community of 812, for example, the airstrip was open only a total of five days over a two-month period early this year. The isolation is absolute and nothing short of a break in the weather can relieve an emergency situation.

It is against this background that Newfoundlanders are greeting with awe that the much-vaunted approval of federal government gifts the word that Ottawa will spend nearly \$50 million for an ice research facility in St. John's. Construction will start early in 1981 for the facility, seen locally as the first real step toward major developments in coping with the Labrador ice. "It makes a difference here, because we're so close to the ice," explains Dr. Ross Peters of the engineering faculty at Memorial University of Newfoundland. "No one in Canada is really concentrating on cold-water research, outside what's happening in Newfoundland. But we're conscious of the problems and we are determined to find solutions."

The new facility will include a tank 17 yards long, with refrigeration equipment allowing the creation of ice up to six inches thick. It will be the largest ice tank in the world. There will also be a 218-yard-long water towing tank and an 80-yard stability tank, with two sets of wave-makers to help simulate a variety of heavy-sea conditions.

Experiments in the tanks will help marine architects develop new ice-breaking designs and vessels stronger than those now being built. The challenge is greatest in dealing with Newfoundland ice conditions where ice fields border the open sea and wind and waves can lift ice up in ridges 30 or 50 feet high, creating pressure ridges as formidable as anything found in the High Arctic. The experiments will also help alter designs for ports, breakwaters and oil- and gas-drilling platforms endangered by the ice-infested environment along the Labrador shelf.

Essentially, the Ottawa-based Arctic Vessel and Marine Research Institute—the National Research Council adjunct building the new lab—will move to St. John's. Harold Rayden, director of Memorial's Centre for Cold Ocean Resources Engineering (where an experimental wave tank is already in operation), sees the day when "coping with ice will be child's play." With a bit of luck, it may not be too long before Newfoundland develops a ship that could break a path through the Arctic, easing the way for the Franklin to follow.

Robert Plaskin

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For the world to enjoy

Pleasure's third dimension

By Val Ross

Dreams of flight are as old as designed angels. Listen to flyers. They talk about perspective, perception, power, about clarity and control, about slipping the bonds of outer earth. They're talking about the physical equivalent of the mental state in which men's souls reside.

Let that sink in, per capita. Canadians are the world's third-darkest people in the world? That, perhaps, and a Billy Bishop flying-school tradition, and a flap-out, strap-out geography. There are 85,000 small aircraft in the country, including gliders, balloons and gyroplanes, which means that one out of

every 1,000 Canadians owns or leases a flying machine. Compare that with one in every 1,325 Americans. Currently, 40,283 Canadians, a growing proportion of them women, hold private pilot licenses. They're all kinds of Canadians. Calgary medical students, Saskatchewan farmers, Toronto bakery salesmen, Kingston postsecondary classification officers, New Brunswick mothers-of-three. And, though gas prices for air-planes have risen 32 cents a gallon in the past year alone, and the dollar's drop has boosted the price of planes, the skies are more crowded than ever.

There are more student fliers in force now than there were total private fliers in the energy-champ 1960s. In



ROBERT HARRISON



Weekend flyers at Buttonville, Bitten On! and lower-flier branches, visit an emu rosti, penetrating spaces and silence

the past year, the Canadian Owners and Pilots Association (COPA) has swelled by 4,000 members to 18,000. North of Toronto, Buttonville general aviation airport (all traffic except military) handles more arrivals and departures than Calgary International. At any one time, there are 500 flying students enrolled at Buttonville, and more on a hefty

waiting list. Even on the greenest days of winter, when snow has half-blistered the roads and taken by which visual flight rules pilots fly, when fuel lines freeze and ice glazes runways to treacherous, Cessnas and Pipers still sail out of the airport, brave as hamsters, and as defiant. "Air's nice, crisp and clear in December," a Buttonville regular explains, shrugging.

COPA's general manager, Bill Peppier, is worried about the stint, sporting-crop of small-craft pilots, especially in those fall-short times. He wants it made perfectly clear that the vast majority fly for utility, not pleasure. "Airplanes are a business tool, albeit an agreeable one," he insists defensively.

But Peppier is not talking about weekend flyers, the students, salesmen and secretaries who pluck down \$25 to \$50 for a precious hour of rented air time, or the leather-helmeted open-cockpit pilots of the Ontario Aviation Historical Society who, looking for all the world like Scoopy, hurt their man-shoes muddy into the Canada Bay Antique Air Race cross-country dash, or the flying women of the Ninety-Nines, the international organization of women pilots, or the pilots participating in the Ninety-Nines-sponsored polar run (pick up one playing card at each of five airports—best polar hand at day's end wins), or fly-in brunches.

These playful pilots are an elite. They're clubby, cliquish. They share an esprit de corps and an arcane Alpha-Bravo-Charlie alphabet. They also share the experience of going down at the neighborhood with pit, and their talk of "power" and "control" seems at times almost political. But so far, one still doesn't have to be a millionaire to be an Overmark, Toronto's Conservative College-recognized Kirby MacRae, 18, saying she can manage the \$2,000 cost of learning and license-acquiring "by saving in bits and pieces." Not in the cost of buying a plane sky-high—yet. Though a Piper Seneca II (a general aviation equivalent) can buy a used Second World War trainer in need of repair, or the kit and materials for a home-built Mooney 2, far less than the price of a new Toyota.

Private pilots aren't even millionaires in the currency of health. After four years, Peppier's Dixie Matthews, muscular and partially deaf, has just won his private pilot license and has logged 100 hours of flying time. Tom (the Eagle of Woodstock) Williams flew until his late-60s. Now 86, he's still addicted. "When I saw him this July at the Woodstock fly-in during his birthday," as members Ninety-Nines past chairman Shirley Allen, "they were stuffing him

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A total of \$12,000.00 in prizes will be awarded to one Junior, three Senior and five Regional Honourable

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into a Bessy — an open-cockpit, home-built — to take him for a ride."

It's not always possible to say where utility flying ends and pleasure flying begins. Perhaps it's when a salesman, covering the Toronto-Montreal run, is one-third the time and for the same gas that it would cost him to drive his van, is suddenly gripped, en route to business, by the whimsical notion to execute a perfect loop. Perhaps it's when 18-year-old Peter Voges, who hopes one day to try for his commercial pilot license, protests one more unusual spin or heart-stopping stall over Detroitville than his instructor told him to. Perhaps it's simply when Molly Ashworth, flying down from Plaster Rock to shop in Moncton, suddenly senses soaring euphoria as her plane penetrates open and serene.

Pleasure pilots are simply people with private planes who take advantage of the doors that are open to them. They travel as extra dimension. They don't crawl around, but play with "down," "up" and "through" if they want to dance in three dimensions. They may join the hundred-plus members of Aerobatics Canada. Or they may take a course and study basic maneuver loops (nose down, then swiftly up and over, backward), rolls (around the plane's longitudinal axis), and snap rolls (one wing's engine stalls and the plane rolls at the same time). "Snap rolls are violent," warns Ninety-Nines aerobatic student Shirley Allen with mad zeal. "The blood shoots to the brain."

Private pilots have exclusive access to earthly pleasures too. In seven hours, pilotage Noel Armstrong (no relation to the astronaut) and his family of flyers can hop from a Calgary winter to Mexico's sun. On crowded summer weekends, private pilots can fish and camp by unspoiled, uncrowded lakes, or visit fly-in hunting camps or grand fur lodges such as Gray Rocks at St. John's, Quebec. In winter they can helicopter to virgin slopes to ski. Even the utility-minded, responsibility-conscious Bill Pepper of COFA Lymanac over the unique geography lesson he gave his family last year. For \$650 of gas and oil and a week of their time, he showed them the Pacific, the Rockies, the Athabasca tar sands, the Prairie badlands, the herds of bison in Wood Buffalo National Park. "Then I took them up the Mackenzie River in Tuktoyaktuk so we could say we'd put our feet in the Arctic Ocean. What a panorama I felt like Pierre Berton!"

Perhaps sensing that their access to the skies may soon be limited by rising prices, or by the envy and waste-consciousness of the public, private pilots are at pains to defend their pleasures. "We're not just baring holes in the sky," insists Betty Jones, housewife, mother,



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and chairmen of the Ninety-Nines. She and her sky-masters Shirley Allen and Heather Sifton, along with other members of four Ninety-Nines chapters, fly Myrwick, a volunteer pilot-instructor-photographer and emergency program, in co-operation with the Ontario Ministry of the Environment. At Christmas they take the Brothers' airplane over Toronto to see the holiday lights. They give joyrides to disabled children and on special missions for pilots that even horses can't imagine her real motivations: "Freedom! Openness! Sensations you can't experience on the ground! Flying is a pure, soaring pleasure."

Canadian celebrities agree. Singer Murray McLauchlan recently returned from a week of island-hopping in the Bahamas with a Piper Aztec and five friends: TV personality Paul Soto, who flies a 40-year-old Fleet, says that, for him, flying is live sex ("There's the anticipation, the doing and the remembering") and like a bond of brotherhood with all the other flyers and dreamers of flight in history. Author and broadcaster Patrick Watson's Twin Comanche is his business tool, yet it's also, he admits, "an extension of my body. I can feel the wings growing from my shoulders. I sense the wing tips . . . exquisitely."

But lessons of Greek myth flew too close to the sun and fell. Inevitably, as the number of people holding pilot's licenses increases, so will the likelihood of them being the drunken, the incompetent and the cruelly unlucky among them. The statistics of those who have died in small planes are hauntingly familiar: baseball's Thurman Munson, heavyweight Rocky Marciano, Walter Rutherfurd, Oscar Redding, Will Rogers. The American Federal Aviation Administration was so horrified by small-plane crash statistics that it considered stringent new regulations this fall. Canadian aviation accident figures aren't that much higher this year (683) or Oct. 11 (their best 1986 total) but they helped prompt Ottawa to launch an air-safety inquiry in November.

So far, neither death nor taxes has been able to keep a growing number of ordinary people from taking that essential every leap into the sky. To borrow a hangar-talk term, it's the very unforgiving nature of the sport they're obsessed with that attracts and challenges them, that compels the totality of their attention. "Shoe," means Hugh Whittington, editor of Canadian Aviation, "sport flying will indeed be the preserve of the rich." The potpourri and several pilots, secretaries and students, hope he's wrong. As they slide their planes' smoky-nosed shadows over the earth, they're laughing in the face of racing cars, accident stats—and gravity itself. ☐



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Car's "A Skidegate Pool" forest glooms

proclaimed) "a romantic artist in the tradition of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner."

At last, however, sunlight breaks through this mist of hype and nonsense in the form of two impending toasts. One, a personal memoir by Jack Pollack (Morrison's dealer), is a chronicle of the 17 years since Pollack first encountered his creative supplier, trading pictures for booze near Beardmore, Ontario. The other, by Morrison himself, is a chilly narration of his life, losses, drinks, vicissitudes and vicissitudes, narrated with breezy verve and without a trace of the high-art pomposity of the introduction, and of the book itself. But, when all is said and done, Morrison remains a naïve illustrator of nature themes, an amateur with a good eye, a few interesting ideas and a little technique. All the bright risk in the world cannot turn him into a major artist, and *The Art of Norval Morrison* still serves him by trying to do so.

A vivid verbal portrait of the artist is a gift also of Doris Shudell's *The Art of Emily Carr*—but only one gift among many in this book, which has appeared not a minute too soon. Something of a feminist reborn in her native British Columbia and the recipient of rave reviews in London last summer, Emily Carr is still largely uncelebrated in the rest of Canada, and the world. With the appearance of this book, however, an absorbing, illuminating life of Emily Carr is now within everybody's reach. Shudell wastes no time with hot-air pronouncements of Carr, but takes us immediately to the least likely place in the world for a splendid creative female artist to be born and come of age: very Victorian Victoria, B.C., in the 1870s and '80s. From there, the story follows Carr's moves through art schools in San Francisco and London—and back, again and again, to B.C., whose rain forests and native people were to provide her with the raw materials of her vision.

Shudell puts no roadblocks in our way: the long essay that forms as through Carr's life and art is chronological, and it steers a clear course between academic dullness and journalistic soap-and-suds to give us the best kind of popular history, an intelligent account of this odd-lady-art who kept a monkey, wrote books full of dash and charm, and painted some of the most magnificent pictures of this Canadian century.

All Carr's goodness and eccentricity would not add up to much were it not for these paintings—those amazing works beautifully reproduced and arranged alongside Shudell's biographical critique. Glance through and wonder no more why Shudell's list has been engaged in the study of Carr's work for

Not so much bound by tradition, as inspired by it.

The 1978 Vintage was an excellent one. The grapes were able to fully mature as a result of a long hot summer and dry, sunny fall, providing high sugars and well-balanced acids. The high natural sugar content, the high levels of tannin and enzymes produce wines with good body, vibrancy of fruit and flavor and subsequently a long finish.

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Books

What's bigger than a bread box and flies to the moon?

THE ART OF NORVAL MORRISON
by Lyle Sinclair and Jack Pollack
(Methuen \$50)

THE ART OF EMILY CARR
by Doris Shudell
(Oxford Press/Corgias & McIntyre \$29.95)

The two headline Canadian art books on the fall lists—*The Art of Norval Morrison* and *The Art of Emily Carr*—are destined for the coffee tables of the nation after a brief sojourn in Yale's fancy wraps. Such are heavy, bigger than lap sets, and gleam with high-tech class. But there the resemblance stops. Should you find those two slabs of Canadiana waiting under your tree Christmas morning, plunge in—and soon you will discover that, between them, they represent the worst and best of the whole species of autumn art books.

One of the most interesting things about *The Art of Norval Morrison* is how quickly doors swing. Anyone who knows his works will appreciate them as competent, colorful illustrations of the myths their 46-year-old Ojibwa creator believes in. But already on the dust jacket, the hard sell has begun: "One of Canada's foremost artists—a Shaman artist—endowed with special, spiritual powers." And just past the title page, the artist himself is brought into the act: "I have always been convinced that I am a great artist. Only the external and commercial society around me... has attempted to dictate to me and establish false values and ideals." Peeking puffy enough? Then read on—or, rather, skip through a ponderous foreword and Lyle Sinclair's silly introduction, in which Morrison is



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more than 30 years. Gert's depiction of the precolonial forest glories of British Columbia, her stark studies of desolate and remote Indian villages are that compelling, that full of a wisdom that is not a hilly of this earth. He surprised, he troubled, and know that is the kind of art book to take with you to the moon.
Julia Bosley Noyes

In a garden of might-have-beens

THE OBSTACLE RACE
by Catherine Grant
(Doubt: \$22.95)

Because women write books, they don't need to make art. So runs conventional wisdom's consolation for the striking absence of female faces from creativity's winner's circle. The conventional wisdom is claptrap, sports feminist author Catherine Grant, whose latest book chronicles the lives and fortunes of women painters in the West from the middle ages to the early 20th century. Who, after all, would get Giotto, Laura or Anne Vallayer-Coster against Leonardo and Rembrandt? Women artists aren't even in the running—except in a parallel, joke race of tunnels, hardies and obstacles.

The question for Grant is not why there are no great female artists but, rather, what happened to talented women. Art, girl, been before the 18th century could only give access to men's clubs, training and criticism through the magnanimity of men. And if it did, then brothers and lovers were co-conspirators, they were also the first of the obstacles. Toronto kept her talented sister daughter by her side, and in time, her style and her shadow. By Julian Reynolds' little sister Frances was a prodigy but her famous brother ridiculed her, then banished her from his London house, cutting her off from the English art world and from her own self-confidence. For an artist struggling to develop a unique voice, unless her could prove more (unmeasurable) than family. Laura's Fontana finally agreed her husband's name to her paintings. Ida Nettleson, who won a scholarship from London's Slade School of Art, sacrificed her energies to her artistic husband, Augustus John, bore four children and his frequent infidelities, then died in childbirth.

Addressing the serious attention of art critics and the buying public are tight-rope Grant's artists walk, too much childhood promise and they may fall, as Victorian painters did, into producing elegant but commercial get portraits. Falling into obscurity is worse, for if an artist's work is not valued, it is not great.

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Greer: pants, gloves, in-green stockings

served. A painting attributed to the French artist Jacques-Louis David was commanding prices as high as gave buyers nosebleeds, discovered to be the work of a woman, it turned into used Kleenex in the buying public's eyes. This book is a chronicle of frustration, hopelessness and failure.

Really, like the lives and works of the women painters it celebrates, *The Goddess Row* is a fascinating failure. It is, as it should be, difficult and disturbed by its own success. For one thing, it's not fully successful as art criticism: Greer spends less time analyzing art than she does having—wittily and readily—about it. "I guess you'd of the most representative of the women painters of the 19th century," says Greer of the celebrated eccentric, Berthe Morisot—and instead leans heavily on behalf of the also-rans and their "style." The book also fails, in spite of Greer's eight years of research, to fulfill the requirements of a reference text, for all its problems of self-indulgence, or perhaps because of them. The book's three references are unique and valuable.

Not original, mind you. Greer is indebted to earlier feminist art criticism, notably American feminist Linda Nochlin's analysis of the exclusion of women

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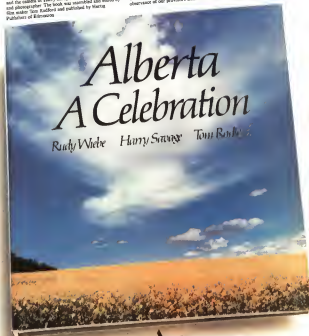
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Private Eye Right, creeping between heaps of rubbish and sexual excitement, played by greedily, nevertheless tenderly champagne each rare given sheet. Don't so. Greer's years of pounding through second-rate galleries and passing through stacks of mediocre paintings have rewarded her with flashes of sensual delight. Set she admits, gentle on her own neuroticism. "The art she culture produces is so accurate and the sacrifice it demands make people so miserable and apathetic. I respect the women, artists who chose not to become Leonardo... yet I kept hoping I'd find one."

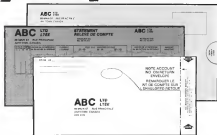
Her next book, *The Politics of Menstruation*, should be out by the spring of 1980. Researching the international marketing of contraceptives and birth control programs has taken Greer travelling throughout the Third World. It's there, she is convinced, that the authentic feminist struggles of the 1960s and 1970s will take place. It was only when her Canadian audience questioned her about the next book that Greer's first old rage flared irascible-like. "The what if North American women are moving into the executive class and dying younger. Call themselves feminists—where were they when America left half a million women in Saigon?" Suddenly uncomfortable, her well-dressed audience shifted in their chairs, and a loud voice called from the back of the room, "Dr. Greer. Could you please define 'feminist'?" It was a question she had answered a decade ago. Patently, greedily, Greer answered again: "Someone who defines herself as a woman so that any woman's suffering is her suffering." Val Basa

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION
- 1 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (1)
 - 2 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (2)
 - 3 *Bullseye*, Schulz (16)
 - 4 *The Last Enchantment*, Stewart (2)
 - 5 *The Maltese Circle*, Ludlum (3)
 - 6 *Jaffbird*, Vonnegut (3)
 - 7 *Headlines*, Stewart (30)
 - 8 *The Short Winter*, Roth (10)
 - 9 *The Mangan Inheritance*, Moore
 - 10 *The Good Zone*, King
- NONFICTION
- 1 *And Me Into Camp*, Mowat (1)
 - 2 *The Blue-Eyed Shrike*, Foster (2)
 - 3 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Schulz (3)
 - 4 *Acid Break's Cope Book*, Bombardier (4)
 - 5 *Clamshell Church*, Goeman (7)
 - 6 *Who's Best Lyrics Heiser?*, Trevelin/Trevelin (2)
 - 7 *Cover Stories*, Martin (3)
 - 8 *Wanted: A Woman*, Mowat (3)
 - 9 *James Herriot's Yorkshire*, Herriot
 - 10 *Real Works' Book of Lines*, Mowat (3)

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More than they can see

By David Livingstone

Suggesting wondrous scenes of forested mountains and vibrant groves, the term "landscape photography" does not accurately announce the vision of Canadian artist Robert Bourdieu. "Intimations of immortality," Werderworth's titular phrase, comes closer to summarizing the effect of his black and white images. Trees, hills, bushes and streams in such places as Parc de la Gatineau, Lake Superior and Cumbria, England, are presented in luminous detail but leave the viewer less impressed by the surface than by the spirit of a natural world in

Bourdieu with his view camera, Parc de la Gatineau, Quebec, wilderness branches



which the air—again in the Lake Poet's words—"is more than sight."

Included in public and private collections and discussed in art journals, Bourdieu's work is not generally known, possibly because in these times respectability travels more slowly than celebrity. However, wider attention may come shortly. Thirty-two of Bourdieu's prints, taken between 1969 and 1997, have just been published in a two-volume limited-edition book and, augmented by a dozen more recent, are on display at the National Film Board's Photo Gallery in Ottawa from Nov. 30 to Feb. 8. After that, the exhibit will travel across the country.

Born in Kingston, Ontario, in 1931, Bourdieu, a man who expresses strict opinions mildly, lives in Ottawa and works as an architectural technologist with the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation ("I refuse to de-commercialize photography"). Self-taught, he has taken pictures since 1955, logging a large-format view camera that lets him see the image large and whole and organize the elements he surveys ("I want everything in focus"). To print, he uses the contact process, placing the negative (11 x 14, 8 x 10, some 5 x 7) directly on the paper and exposing them "like an 'X' (Once you've put it into an enlarger, it's a secondhand print as far as I'm concerned)." Waiting for "the right things to happen," he may spend hours, most often in the sun, in a wet set, before releasing the shutter.

Impatient sitters bored on more patiently heroic or poetic rights might dismiss as insipid some of the handloomed vistas that Bourdieu makes. Towering, windless branches are bequest for no apparent reason. Void of accessory sky, trees, like moss, variegated in shades of green and folds of English ivy, provide a pale green in a single plane and become a kind of ornament. Rocks and cacti in Arizona do not cry out but are a tribute to whatever arcane force holds them in their place.

Bourdieu does not confront the environment, either to be made humble or to seem wise, but is content to see the drama from a distance. In 1972, Ronald Solomon, vice curator of photography, wrote of him: "Quietly, gently, the photographer releases himself to the subject, for he is the camera and there is no ego, no anger, no vengeance, no victory, only total continuous ones and presences." Since then, Solomon has died, but his words appear as a brief introduction to

the 389 pages of the limited edition, all signed by Bourdieu and selling for \$275 (purchased by Edwards Books and Art in Toronto and easily available through them). Lorraine Monk, of the SFU's SFU Photography Division, produced the book, and Toronto printing specialists Hertz Semerick employed an innovative screenless process called Rotocolor,

whose intellectual approach to landscape he appreciated without copying. While adhered to the concept of "ecological" originally formulated by Alfred Riegelt, who pioneered photography as art in North America. According to it, the photographed image was not the object seen but the equivalent of a frame of mind. Bourdieu, however, de-



Cumbria, England: Bleached fish bones

which makes possible an unprecedented kind of clarity in the original prints. So enraptured were their standards that an earlier run of 1,000 was shredded.

Such fast is not only desired but demanded by the "soft" greys, partly whites and velvety blacks. Bourdieu strives for—and achieves in such images as one taken in Algonquin Provincial Park, with trees like bleached fish bones and graceful silhouettes of grass against a pool of grey, setting the aperture as small as possible. Bourdieu makes his camera take in more than eyes on their own could do. Nothing is out of focus. Care is given to arrangement but there is no humanly defined hierarchy of shapes or forms, and no conventional visual starting points. In concentrated, seamless prospects, every twig has its own significance.

Bourdieu credits his ideal of consummate craftsmanship to the American photographer Minor White with whom he made friends in the late '50s and

called "to photograph things for what they really are, in the strongest possible manner." In his pictures, he seeks to make spiritual, not subjective, connections—in his words, a "modified image."

So far, Bourdieu has achieved what everyone he has had as a landscape photographer, but he has not ignored more evidently human concerns. Last spring he spent six weeks in Ceylon shooting ancient Buddhist architecture. He has also made what he describes as "very strong portraits" of people, never exhibited because he feels he is not yet ready. Asked about the stature of photography in Canada, he indulges in personal ambition only so far as to hope that his book will help raise regard for photography as photography. "What we need is to educate people toward really looking at photographs seriously, reading them, collecting them and living with them." Of his own work he says, without drama, "I'm not very puffy. If it's there, people will find out about it." Without question, it's there. ◇

'Say, who was that masked man anyway?' 'Why, that was the Lone Stranger!'

By Allan Fotheringham

"I said at the leadership convention at which he defamed me that Mr Trudeau was the most remarkable Canadian of his generation, and that comment still holds." —John Turner

The remarkable nature of the mask that is Pierre Trudeau is shown by the fact that he remains as much a mystery in leaving power as when he assumed it 11 years ago. He decided embers as so other Canadian politicians before him, usually because he persisted in keeping his real personality in hiding, a heritage to his public life.

His longtime friend and confidant, Gerald Pelletier, once explained that while Trudeau gave the impression of a daring risk-taker, he was, in fact, a most cautious person (his long delay in resigning the prime minister's office of resignation, if nothing else, proved that). Pelletier pointed out that Trudeau would launch his cause over a seemingly treacherous stretch of white water—but only after charting and checking beforehand on foot every bit of the route. He took risks, explained Pelletier, but only carefully calculated risks. In fact, little was left to chance. "Reason over passion" was the family motto. Which is why Margaret, in her own skewed way, titled her still best-selling confession *Beyond Reason*. He thought there was something possibly more important than reason alone.

He was unfairly hated by some of his own people. Other politicians, watching an unusual man get into trouble by trying to be more careful, repeated even more into their own skulls. His "Why should I tell you when?" was badly ripped out of context, it having been merely a rhetorical opening to his long philosophical explanation of why he, as prime minister, did have a responsibility to tell the farmers' truth. His fond professional habit of meeting one head, holding his thoughts aloft as if gazing through a glass pane, was a trademark for the *CP News Service*.

glass of wine, was intriguing to watch but deadly when translated into cold type.

When he asked reporters, "Where's Bufo?" it was actually intended as an arch riposte to reveal that the journalists hounding him did not know the map of Africa. His contempt for the profession of journalism was profound. Once engaged in humiliation when, on his introduction as an honorary member of the National Press Club (the scene of that mock self-strangulation with the club belt, he talked in disguised



successes of how as a young man he had "always looked up" to the mixed reporters he had seen entering the Montreal Press Club, well-dressed, with a sign the pretence of gods and the best of bores. He grew up in the Duplessis era when political reporters received a brown envelope present at Christmas and the contempt he had learned from that particular time was never able to slack.

The first of our politicians to bring the element of the body to his role ("a physical stress out with a high iq," as Charlie Lynch described him), he fascinated at first because he seemed to make the difficult look so easy. In truth, he was a terrible procrastinator who never in 11 years ever really lived any of his many cabinet members. (Herb Gray and Robert Stanbury were the only ones he really "let go.") He favored all the angry other ones to fall on their own swords; he wouldn't take the responsibility himself. He was defeated in the end because this supposed white-water



was diffused for two full years over an election date, convincing the public finally that in his mirror he was indeed, not the *Illegals* character they had imagined.

The chap who once rode a motorcycle with his fifty German helmet and attempted to paddle a canoe to Cuba ended up with a strange, floating concept of leadership, refusing to persuade strong enemies to stay and awaiting to recruit new ones. Bewared at the beginning by his shuffling appearance to power, at the finish he watched as if mesmerized as the sand in the eye tower ran out. He seemed fascinated at the process as the clock wound down.

The man of masks, who told biographer George Radwanski that he was so rocky and insecure as a child that he purposely set out to build a physique and a steel will that would repel all outsiders, wobbled between the arrogance seen by the public and the skyness seen by his intimates. In his final, discomfited days, he astonished even his associates by turning on Quebec electronic reporters who were having troubles with their equipment with the comment, "English!" reporters never had such problems (not true). Despite the family constraints, he never could figure out what made British Columbia tick, complaining that the northernmost, affluent province always seemed to be "biting."

Radwanski, who as a reporter with a low degree and a similar "European" mind-set got closer to Trudeau than any other journalist, concluded that he was "unhinged" as a prime minister, a semantic delusion that may over time be the closest approximation of the truth. He was not a natural politician, but an aloof amateur who was carried away by events and in the end disappointed his public by turning into a wimp-kicker who dived and faded.

The most remarkable Canadian of his generation, he did more than anyone to make this country sit up and take notice of itself. Well, back to the man who men-

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